

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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## NATIONAL SERVICE NEEDS NATIONAL LEADERS

BY AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.

THE people of Great Britain are being urged to rise in their might to defend democracy against foreign enemies, and this call to service comes from a Government which appears to be doing its best to destroy democracy from within by fostering the rapid propagation of those bacilli which are fatal to political liberty. Having, in 1931, come safely through a crisis of the kind which has been fatal to democracy in so many other countries, we are now faced with the prospect of its slow destruction by the auto-toxins which it generates within itself.

Few people appear to have appreciated the significance of the General Election of 1931, or to have given due credit to our people for the sound political sense which enabled them to meet a critical situation in a way that saved the commonwealth from destruction. The policy of the Socialist Government had, in less than two years, brought us to the verge of a general breakdown of credit, as was only to be expected, since "Socialism" is merely a synonym for living beyond one's income. In Russia, Italy, and Germany, where the people have little political experience, a similar breakdown of credit induced by the practice of Socialism was followed by dictatorship. In each case a populace on the verge of starvation was offered the choice of liberty or material security. In each case it chose the latter, and the dictators are now endeavouring to give their subjects the material security for which they bartered their liberty and manhood.

Confronted with a similar choice, our people re-acted differently. At the 1931 General Election they asked themselves "What is the nearest thing to a dictatorship which our constitution allows?" and found the obvious answer: "A Government without an Opposition"—which they proceeded to elect. Thus the car of state was steered safely round a corner

littered with the wrecks of other democracies which had crashed there one after another.

A thoroughly undictatorial dictator was found in the person of Mr. Baldwin, who filled the rôle with a very great measure of success because of his instinctive knowledge of the way in which the minds of our people work. It must be admitted, however, that he has two idiosyncrasies which hampered him considerably. First, he has never believed that foreigners really exist. Holding that the world is governed by a beneficent providence, he cannot bring himself to think that any creator actuated by kindly motives could possibly have doomed a lot of poor devils to the awful fate of not being Englishmen. *Ergo*, there is no such thing as a foreigner.

His other somewhat unusual belief appears to be to the effect that it does not matter much, in the long run, whom a Prime Minister puts into his Cabinet. This is, probably, a profoundly true principle, *quâ* principle. But its practical utility is limited by the fact that it must be a very long run indeed before it does not matter, and no Prime Minister can hope to remain in office for a period sufficiently extended to prove the thesis. Hence he left to his successor a *damnosa haereditas* of almost unmanageable proportions.

But he left to his successor a nation more united than it had been for nearly a generation, and a parliamentary Opposition (at least so far as the Trade Union section was concerned) more respected, and more worthy of respect, than had ever before been the case. Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration if one were to say that he did more to strengthen the Labour Party, and thereby ultimately the whole nation, than any of its leaders. Some observers might go so far as to suggest that he devoted so much effort to improving the Opposition that he neglected to some extent the task of improving his Government!

Even before his retirement it had become manifest that all was not well with the so-called National Government and, since that date, pathological symptoms have become very much more marked. It is probable that the main source of the trouble is to be found in the fact that the Government is not National. To the unattached voters, which is to say the vast majority of our people, it has never been regarded as anything but a

Conservative Government, and all the elaborate camouflage, with which the party wire-pullers have tried to disguise its nature, has failed to deceive. To suggest that the title "National Labour" and "National Liberal" have any real meaning, is absurd and, if it were not for the fact that the assumption of either renders a man almost certain of office, they would quickly disappear from the vocabulary of hypocrisy. The House of Commons, indeed, with its usual appreciation of political realities has conferred upon them the cognomen of "The Loaves and the Fishes", and only a few do not deserve it.

They have no real support in the electorate, nor do they represent any political principle. Yet in fulfilment, it would appear, of some secret bargain they are given an entirely disproportionate number of posts in the Government which would be far better filled by Conservatives. Thus they constitute a serious weakness to the Government, upon which they live as parasites.

In voting for them the non-party elector regards himself as voting for Conservatives, and he supports Conservative candidates at the poll because maybe he hopes that a Conservative Government will interfere with his liberty less than would one formed by either of the other parties. He is generally disappointed with the result. For that itch for interfering with other people's liberties, which afflicts the degenerate Liberals of to-day, has infected the Conservative party, and the unhappy elector has now but little chance of getting a Government which will mind its own business and allow him to mind his.

It would be foolish to deny that our parliamentary system is passing through very difficult times, and it would be easy to marshal facts in the situation which appear to prove that its breakdown is inevitable and imminent. For my part I am not pessimistic. It must be borne in mind that, for the last thirty years, our people have been taught by demagogues that the first and only duty of the citizen is to exact from the public purse ninepence in return for every fourpence that he puts into it. The fact that our nation has resisted this corrosive poison for so long a period gives reason to hope that the present extreme peril may afford an antidote before mortification sets in. We were on the verge of dissolution in 1914 when the outbreak of

hostilities saved us. It may well be that degeneracy of character resulting from "social reforms", which relieve the individual citizen from the consequences of his own incompetence or folly, can again be checked only by the cruel but wholesome effect of war. For, just as destitution is the reformatory punishment of individual folly in a nation in which natural processes are allowed to do their work unhampered by legislation, so also is war the curative retribution following upon mass-folly when those same processes are prevented from acting. But I am inclined to think that the corruption of our electorate has not gone far enough to necessitate so drastic a remedy, and that the situation can be saved by a reconstruction of the Government, followed by a real attempt to improve the personnel of Parliament.

That public opinion would endorse a thorough reconstruction of the Government is indicated by the general approval with which the recent appointments of Lord Chatfield and Sir John Anderson have been received. Neither of them has more than the slightest acquaintance with parliamentary life, and it might reasonably have been suggested that they may fail in office because they have been used to giving orders rather than to persuading an electorate that their policies ought to be supported. This contention would have some validity, were it not that they both possess qualities which amply counterbalance their lack of practice in the art of persuasion. Moreover, they are far too busily engaged with their work to find time to acquire skill in making false statements with a specious appearance of truth—an essential qualification, in most instances, for politicians who desire office.

But, for obvious reasons, the admission to Cabinet rank of experts from outside must be strictly limited and is a policy to be adopted only in very special circumstances. The House of Commons and to some extent the House of Lords must continue to be the main area for recruitment of ministers of the crown. At the present time the Upper House has in all probability filled its proper quota, and we must therefore turn to the Commons for the men whom we require.

It is difficult to suggest the names of members of the Opposition whose inclusion in the Government would strengthen the latter by restoring the confidence of the public, and a careful

review of the ex-ministers, who nominally support the Government, but actually do their best to destroy it, gives a similarly barren result. Mr. Eden is, of course, in every way fit for Cabinet rank and will doubtless at some favourable moment be offered one of the ministries, particularly as his criticisms since he left office have always been restrained and never malicious. After all, we do not yet know whether he or the Prime Minister was right when they differed as to the attitude to be adopted to Signor Mussolini. Up to the present, certainly, Mr. Chamberlain's policy has not had any outstanding success. Yet it may turn out well in the long run, and we must continue to hope for the best.

Mr. Churchill, though the darling of the saloon-bar, is too deeply distrusted by the people to constitute a strengthening element in any modern Government. The persistent practice of verbal artistry is apt to have a terrible effect in course of time upon the practitioner who, as old age overtakes him, tends to acquire a habit of believing what he says. As his power to persuade others wanes, so waxes his power to persuade himself, and the would-be coërcer of Ulster in 1914 has now apparently convinced himself that he would make a good Minister of Defence.

It would appear then, after this process of elimination, that little is to be gained by an attempt to strengthen the Government by importing men from outside its own loyal supporters in Parliament. I am myself convinced that among the latter there are some who could with advantage replace more than one of our present ministers and under-secretaries. But here a serious difficulty arises. For Mr. Chamberlain, having never served an apprenticeship on the back benches, knows next to nothing about the qualities of his individual supporters and, when filling vacancies in his Government, is forced to rely upon the very worst advice from which any Prime Minister has suffered in recent times. Some of his appointments indeed are regarded by those of us, who know the House of Commons thoroughly, as jokes—and very bad jokes too.

In this connection, it is desirable that I should draw attention to one of the most serious dangers with which our democratic constitution is confronted. This is the growing tendency of

politicians to take far too much thought for the morrow. The unjust steward in the parable whom, it may be remembered, the lord commended for his wisdom, adopted a certain course of action because he knew himself to be incapable of earning an honest living when his appointment terminated. It is sad, but none the less true, that some who now hold official positions are in the same unhappy predicament, and may be tempted to use the same method for getting out of it. For public companies must have directors, and it is not always necessary that those directors should have any knowledge whatever of the business which is being conducted by the organization which they pretend to direct.

In peaceful times a considerable amount of gerrymandering and mutual back-scratching between politicians and speculators can do but little harm to the commonwealth. But when, as now, our position as a first-class Power and our conceptions of liberty are directly threatened, we certainly cannot afford to give the nation any ground for suspicion that the national danger is being used by some persons to enrich themselves, or that the standard of honour of politicians is deteriorating. Again, our people are manifestly willing and anxious to meet the impending danger manfully and to make those personal sacrifices which the emergency demands from every citizen. But they cannot help seeing that an undue proportion of the immense sums of money exacted from them in taxation is finding its way into the pockets of men who, though nominally the heads of munitions firms, contribute absolutely nothing to the efficiency of production. The Government's call to National Service has met with a most disappointing response, and the reason is plain. Englishmen simply refuse to put themselves in a position where their self-sacrifice fosters the self-enrichment of men who in a less over-civilized community would be put against a wall and shot.

There is, fortunately, in the present Government a majority of ministers who manifestly realize that their own natural integrity must be keyed up to the highest pitch, and that imminent national peril demands from them a standard of honour which avoids even the appearance of evil. But it is equally manifest that there are some who do not, and their influence will always tend to exclude from ministerial rank those members of the

Conservative party who are fully qualified for office but are suspected of being unwilling to "play the game". Those who play that game do not want colleagues who may at any moment decide that duty requires them to refrain from concealing incompetence.

The root cause, indeed, of our present discontents is to be found in the fact that politics is to many who take part in it nothing more than a game, and not the most sacred duty to which a man can devote himself. Since Mr. Baldwin left us, we appear to have reverted to the standards set by the coalition in the munitions era :—

When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble Knight

—or baronet, or peer, according to the size of the chance. Two years ago we felt ourselves to be a band of Galahads bent on the quest of the sangrael. Now we are just a lot of damned politicians! Two years ago the group in the House of Commons known as the "Forty Thieves" was distinctly under a cloud. Now its members are as perky as cock-sparrows. There is something wrong with us, something very far wrong.

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It is easy to say, as some do, that our parliamentary system has outlived its usefulness, has broken down, and must be replaced by some other form of constitution. But, as a matter of fact, no system ever breaks down and no constitution is unworkable if the right people are in charge of it. This indeed is the whole basis of Conservatism, which teaches that it is best to preserve whatever constitution happens to exist, since no advantage can result from changing it. Progress, the true Conservative believes, is attained by improving men and not by improving machinery.

How then are we to effect that improvement of personnel which is essential if the body politic is to be healthy and vigorous? The first step surely is to revise our conception of politics, to abandon the idea that it is a profession, a pastime, or even a trade, and to realize that it is essentially as much a calling as is the religious life. Only in the rarest instances do we find men fit to represent their fellow-citizens in Parliament, unless they have previously qualified themselves by many years of whole-

hearted and unselfish service to the commonwealth, whether as fighting men, as industrial leaders, as thinkers, or in all three capacities. Yet safe Conservative seats are frequently reserved for pleasant young men who have never achieved anything and have never given a day's service to the nation, who "go into politics" for their own amusement, and who may condescend to accept office as a pastime. Other safe seats fall to the representatives of certain trade interests which find it advantageous to keep in Parliament a few tame members who can be counted upon to advocate their cause.

Nevertheless, the vast majority of the members of the House of Commons are there because, rightly or wrongly, they believe themselves to be doing good work for the commonwealth. Even if some are in error and are really acting from less disinterested motives, they can do but little harm so long as they are unconscious of the fact. Indeed, after experience of a long series of Parliaments, I can honestly say that the average standard of the present House of Commons is higher than that of any of which I have been a member.

Yet I believe that the people deserve to have an even better quality in their representatives, and could get it if the heads of the Conservative party would exercise a reasonable censorship over their candidates and refuse to endorse the selections of those local Conservative Associations which exhibit a preference for crooks or half-wits.

But, however satisfactory the personnel of the back benches, the reputation of a Government, and the survival of democratic institutions, ultimately depends upon the qualities of the men in office, and everyone knows that some of the latter fall far below the standard which the nation is entitled to demand in a time of the gravest peril. The proof of my contentions, in the present review of the situation, is to be found in the admitted fact that the call to National Service has been a fairly complete failure. Our people are not satisfied with leaders who should set an example of self-sacrifice far beyond what is to be expected from their followers—but fail to do so.

## COMMUNITY CENTRES AND CIRCLES

BY ERNEST BARKER\*

THE municipal authorities who built and founded our new housing estates never imagined, so far as I know, that they were building and founding *communities*—living societies—social organisms with the inconvenient knack (as it must originally have seemed) of living, thinking and acting. They were, in their own view, just building so many individual houses, so many physical structures, up to a number determined, for any given estate, by the physical factors of economy in building and the geographical lie of the land. They did not, therefore, originally plan their estates to converge upon or to radiate out from a community centre, for they had as yet no idea of a community ; and just for the same reason they did not plan estates to be of just the particular size, neither too big nor too little, required for the development of a proper community life. They simply built rows of good little houses, with efficient roads and sewers; and they built them up to a number—it might be 20,000, or it might be one or two hundreds—which depended on the material considerations of the time and the situation. There was no planning of a general urban decentralization or devolution : there was no idea of replanning the whole of a city in terms of a better social life : there was no scheme of moving industries and amenities as well as men and women, and along with men and women, in order to secure a better general scheme of civic organization and the general ‘ culture of cities ’. There was just a job of rehousing to be done, for a class of the population which was particularly in need ; and it was done. If social consequences followed—if new societies or communities emerged, and began to demand organs and homes for their social life—that was an unintended, and at first a disturbing, thing.

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I pass no stricture whatever upon our municipal authorities for failing to plan more fully or more presciently. We had just emerged from a great war: we had a great lee-way to make up in the simple matter of housing for the ordinary mass of our people: the immediate job was urgent, and it was a labour of Hercules to do that job. Prescience is easy after the event; and planning is simple for those who have not to perform as well as to plan. But if it had been possible to use prescience and to plan, I think that there are three problems which would have had to be faced. And since even now—though the slate is not clean and our hands are not free—these problems remain and will have to be solved in some sort of way, I venture to say what they are.

The first problem is that of size. What is the size of a community or society which can produce a good social life for its members and enable them to practise properly, in matters of their own immediate concern, the noble art of self-government? I have always been a believer in the doctrine of limited size—size limited and appointed, be it for a university or for a housing estate or for any other human organization, by the function which it has to discharge. One of the great difficulties of local democracy, which is the root and the necessary foundation of any real national democracy, is that we have drifted, with the growth of our population and the sprawling of our cities, into too great units of size. We cannot practice local democracy efficiently, at any rate in our great cities, because we are trying, if I may use a metaphor, to take exercise with dumb-bells each weighing a hundredweight. Now in these new housing estates, which are becoming societies or communities, we are being given (though we did not know it when we began their construction) new units and new cadres for the practice of self-government—and not only of self-government but also of self-culture. We must not make them too big for their function; and equally we must not make them too little. My own dream is of a unit of some 2,000 houses or 10,000 persons—certainly not more, and possibly less. I would earnestly emphasize this idea of limited size. It is an old idea, which I learned, long ago, from the study of Aristotle's *Politics*: it is an idea which has been lately reinvigorated in my mind by the reading of a remarkable book by an American, Mr. Lewis Mumford, on *The Culture of Cities*. Like him, I subscribe to a policy of "the

introduction of small units, scaled to direct activity and participation in every phase of organization'. Like him, I would say, 'Giantism must be defeated'.

The second problem on our new housing estates to which I would draw attention—it bears very directly on the nature of the community they constitute and of the community centre which constitutes the focus of that community—is the problem of social composition. We have built new social units which are of a uniform grey composition. The members are all wage-earners; and their wages are uniformly some £3 a week and under. This was inevitable when the housing estates were constructed. The need of these men was immeasurably the greatest, and they had to be gathered together in the new aggregations of houses which were built to satisfy their need. But 'it takes two to make a world'—even the world of a new housing estate. A varied community is a good community, if only the various elements can learn to pull together; and a uniform community is the poorer for being uniform. I look forward to the day when our new housing estates can become the homes of varied communities. There is something Assyrian in the policy which creates the uniform grey community. Once more I would cite Mr. Mumford in evidence. Like him, I deprecate 'the segregated environment'; like him, I believe that a city, or any unit of a city, 'with a single class, a single social stratum . . . offers fewer possibilities for the higher type of human achievement than a many-sided urban environment'.

The third problem which arises on a new housing estate, and affects the general nature of community and community-life, is closely related to the second: it is the problem of social functioning, as the second problem was that of social composition. Should the activity on a new housing estate be only a single activity—just the activity of residing, the activity of a dormitory? Or should it be a general activity—an activity of working during the day as well as residing during the night; the activity of a whole life, and not of a fraction of life? I subscribe to the second alternative. A community living on a new housing estate which is merely a place of residence is, to my thinking, an abstract or truncated community. There is no business in it; and business is an essential part of life. It is just an overgrown suburb; and a suburb is not a community, but a parasite on a community. The

little children who run about the streets see nothing of the works of men's hands ; and they miss an integral and essential element of education. To live on a farm, even in the depths of the country, is an education, because there is business in it. To live in a new house on a new housing estate may be isolation from life and its pulse, even if there are 20,000 houses on the estate. Once more I subscribe to Mr. Mumford, " A special effort ", he writes, " should be made to incorporate in the design of neighbourhoods those light industries which directly subserve neighbourhood life (he instances a wood-working shop, or a garment factory) ; . . . and if in addition a neighbourhood could provide a place for other types of activity, such as a plant-nursery or a painter's studio, . . . the educational value of the equipment would be highly increased ". A varied environment is necessary for the sake of a varied development. So long as the housing estates on which our new communities have to build their lives are simply residential, simply dormitories, so long will those communities be half or quarter communities, isolated rather than educated by the conditions of their life. To go out of the city proper, with its full environment, into such estates will be, as it were, to go into the desert, or at any rate into something which, by comparison, is of the nature of the desert. Just for that reason we must adorn and equip the desert. We must give it, at the least, a good community centre, which will be an oasis of refreshment : we must, when we can and as we can, adorn and perfect it with that general equipment of environment which is necessary to general human development.

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But we must face the actual community—of casually variable size, of uniform grey composition, and of the simple nature of a dormitory—which has actually come into existence. What is to be said of this actual community, and what is to be said of the community centres into which it hives for its actual social activities ?

Let us suppose that a community has found itself on a new housing estate, in the shape of a conscious organization, called a community association, which contains not only individual residents but also groups of residents previously formed for particular activities, such as gardening, or music, or acting, or

athletics. There it stands, a new-born social being, like new-born Adam when he first stood erect and began to build his life. Adam's first need was some sort of dwelling, which would be the centre of his life. So it is too with the community association. That association, in which the community has found itself and through which it seeks to build a life, needs a dwelling in which it can gather itself together. There are three possible dwellings or centres, each of which I believe to be necessary, and all of which must play their part. There is first the school. I put it first because it has come first; because you will find it on every new housing estate of any size; because it is the duty of the local education authority to see that it is there. Secondly there is the church, or the chapel—it may be with a hall attached, which serves as a centre during the week for the members of church or chapel. Voluntary funds can alone provide the church or the chapel and any hall which either may have. Lastly there is the community centre, for juveniles as well as adults, in which the general community can meet and in which it can use its leisure. The provision of such a centre may be made by the local authority, which is statutorily empowered for that purpose: it may be made by voluntary bodies: it may be made by a co-operation of the two.

Now the relation of these three centres—the educational, the religious, and what I may call the general—is not altogether simple.

There are some who feel that the educational centre, or school—particularly if it can be equipped with an adult annexe—should also be the community or general centre. I do not share that feeling; but I admit that the school is a children's centre, and may even temporarily serve as a general *community* centre until specific provision is made for a house for the general community. There are again others who feel that the religious centre is the true focus and nucleus of the life of its members, and that an additional general centre, over and above the religious centre, may prove a distraction or an attraction towards more secular and less ennobling activities. I can understand that feeling; and I should be profoundly sorry if ever a community centre were a secular rival to either church or chapel. But whatever may be the problems of the relations of the three centres, I am very clear that the community centre must be one of the three. There must be a place which

belongs to the neighbourhood as a neighbourhood ; a place in which it builds its general social life ; a place which will serve the whole population, at every level of age, for the satisfaction of all its common interests, or as many of them as possible—interests of study, interests of music and drama, interests of recreation and games, all the varied interests which men living together are naturally led to pursue and promote in common.

A living society needs a home, as much as a living individual. Our municipal authorities have given homes to individuals. They must also give homes to the societies which, whether they wished it or no, they have actually called into existence. Let me once more cite Mr. Mumford. " One of the difficulties in the way of political association (I should prefer to say, general association) is that we have not provided it with the necessary physical organs of existence : we have failed to provide the necessary sites, the necessary buildings, the necessary halls, rooms, meeting places". We are the poorer for our failure, and our democracy is the poorer. Mr. Mumford goes on to compare the old American days, when the people of a New England township met in their own hall face to face and handled their business there, with the modern days in which, he says, the peoples have sought to live under an abstract and disembodied democracy without giving local units any other official organ than the polling-booth. The polling-booth is not enough. No Englishman would wish to abolish it. But I am sure that all of us, if we think the matter out, will want the community centre as well—the permanent basis and basement, the real root set in the ground, the ultimate bottom unit based upon mother earth and the soil of neighbourhood.

I dream of what a professor has called (it is the sort of word that a professor *would* use) the ' poly-nucleated city ' ; the city with a number of nuclei ; the city which is not one vast uniform community, but a community of communities—each of them with its centre, but with all the centres subordinate to the common and sovereign centre of the city hall. We began to go in the direction of the polynucleated city, without realizing what we were doing, when we built these housing estates, and they in turn built communities and community associations, and these in their turn began to acquire community centres.

We began to go in that direction ; and I hope that we may go further still. I see no reason why in the old wards of our cities, as well as on the new estates set on the edge of our cities, we should not develop communities and community associations and community centres. But that, again, is a dream of the future ; and I must confine myself to the present.

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There are two main sorts of significance in this modern trend towards community associations and centres. There, is first, a political significance. There is, next, a social, or cultural, significance. And this latter significance is double. It is partly, and mainly, mental : it affects the development of the mind. It is partly, and subsidiarily, physical. It affects the development of the body.

Already, I think, it is plain that on the political side the significance of the community centre is likely to be the strengthening and deepening of the spirit and practice of democracy. That strengthening may come in practical and definite ways. In the first place, there is the way of the democratic management of the community centre in its day-to-day working by the community itself through a committee of its community association. That will involve financial responsibility for ordinary current expenses. It is an example of genuine and practical democracy that a community should manage its home and shoulder financial responsibility. Then, in the next place, there is the possibility that the community association, acting in its community centre, may collect and pool and filter the community opinion about community needs and the proper policy of community-development, and that, having done so, it may present that opinion—in no hostility, but rather in a spirit of collaboration and helpfulness—to the central authority of the city. That seems to me a democratic thing to do—to present, or to represent, to the general local authority, the basic local opinion of the basic local unit, not in a partisan spirit or on a party basis, but in the name of the local community. I conceive that such presentation of local opinion—whether by parish councils in the countryside to the county authority, or by community associations in civic areas to city authorities—may strengthen local democracy. The elected

local authority which governs a great city must often want to feel the pulse and diagnose the opinion of the constituent elements. Here is a way in which that can be done.

But over and above such practical and definite ways for the democratic activity of community associations, there is the larger consideration which I have already sought to express. We need smaller units for the effective working and practice of democracy. It is not enough to elect representatives: the people must do something themselves; and in order to do anything effective they must do it in small units, and through the actual life of such units. The notion of limited size comes back into the argument again. I received a letter the other day from an old friend, who more than most men has interested himself in the problems of civic life and democratic citizenship. He had just been staying in one of the communes of a Swiss Canton and studying its life. "I have heard a good deal", he wrote, "about the importance of the self-governing English village, which taught the villager self-reliance and common-sense. The commune in which I have been living seems to be a survival into these days of something of that kind. It seems to be doing what you are aiming at with your community centres. I must confess that the evidence of Switzerland has impressed me enormously with the need for decentralization into small units if we are to make democracy effective". I think that these words deserve consideration and rumination. For myself, I do not press any formal policy of decentralization. I am content if the central civic authority will remit to a community association the current management of its centre, and if it will listen with a ready ear to the representations which it may make about local needs and local opinion. Something further may grow out of that. But that, in itself, is a good beginning.

I turn to what may be called the cultural significance of community centres. The thing that impresses me here, as indeed it impresses me everywhere in this development of community centres, is not so much a matter of individuals, or of what they can do or gain; it is a matter of the whole community and the life which it can develop. I dream of a racy and idiomatic culture produced by each community—with

its own style of acting, its own appreciation and its own execution of music, its own fashion of gardening. Of course there will be no such idiomatic culture unless *individuals* throw themselves into its making—resolving to give rather than to get, and to do something for their community rather than to have something done for them in the way of manufactured amusement. But I should still insist on the value of a local community culture for the *whole* of the local community. In the old days a little town like Coventry (for it was a little town then) could produce its own miracle plays through its city companies: we have 42 of such plays in the Coventry cycle of the later fifteenth century. I should like to think that our people are still capable of producing some sort of local folk-culture. We have centralized culture as well as politics; and we have mechanized as well as centralized it—putting it in ‘universal films’ and equally universal gramophone records. Back from the machine-made to the hand-made, at any rate in matters of culture; back from the universal to the local and idiomatic. It would, of course, be a grave retrogression if we abandoned what I have called the universal, and sought to have nothing but village Hampdens and village Shakespeares. But the universal will look after itself; it is the local that needs encouragement. There is room for some decentralization of culture as well as of politics. The point about a decentralized or local culture is that you must make it yourself. You cannot have it purveyed to you from the big stores. It is fundamentally for that reason—not because it is local, but because it is freshly created by a personal initiative—that I want to see a community-culture developed by each community in its own community centre. But I also feel that there is value in difference. Sheffield is not as Manchester. One housing estate in Sheffield is not as another. Let each of them show its mettle and produce what it can produce from the heart of its own native genius. If the city of Athens could produce, in the fifth century B.C., as I have read somewhere that it did, some 900 tragedies, some 500 comedies, and some four or five thousand dithyrambic pieces (which I might call loosely oratorios), I am inclined to think that something of the sort might be done again. I know from my own experience that plays can be written, as well as produced and acted, by

members of community centres. I believe that folk-drama, folk-music and general folk-culture may begin to grow from this movement.

It is a just demand which is now being made that we should recognize, and seek to realize, the ideal of national fitness. National fitness means the individual fitness of each member of the nation ; and each member will be the happier—the more ready to flow out into a general unfolding of his powers—the more he has a body on which he can count and which is ‘fit’ in the sense of being properly adjusted for such a general unfolding. But in what system and under what auspices are we to recognize and seek to realize this ideal of fitness ? Not, I should hope, in State-organized institutes or camps. Far better, because more calculated to produce a general spontaneous individual fitness, would be a system under which a natural local community sought to make the best of itself and its members by including fitness among its aims and its objects. A good folk-culture must include the body as well as the mind. Each community centre can be a health centre as well as a centre for other things. The Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham is teaching lessons which deserve a general application. It started with the encouragement of physical health by a system of medical inspection and medical advice ; it has added to that the more positive encouragement and the more smiling auspices of a fine swimming bath and a good gymnasium. The Slough Social Centre has also provided, as part of its equipment and in connection with its community life, a swimming bath which would be a dream if it were not actually there—not to speak of its gymnasium and the rest of its crowded and humming provision for making the best of ‘my brother the Body’. Our community centres in the future will all, I believe, tend in the same direction.

A man may well say to himself in these days, as St. Bernard said, *Hora novissima, tempora pessima*. But St. Bernard added, *Nunc vigilemus*. There is something which deserves watching, and helping, in the spontaneous development of our people which is to be found in community centres. New branches can still grow on the old trunk. There are still new springs and new buds.

## THE DEATH OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

BY H. BELLOC

A PROCESS is now continuous all over Europe. The middle class is dying, and with it our civilization is dying too. For the middle class made and, till yesterday still sustained, our culture.

First let us define our terms. The English language, just because it is so flexible and marvellously suggestive a medium, suffers from one grave defect: its terms are not precise. It is vague, as an English landscape is vague: the more proper therefore to the effects of verse is that language, but the less suited to exact analysis.

This defect has increased greatly in the last lifetime; there are words such as the word "gentleman" which may now have any one of a score of meanings, and more often hardly any meaning at all, whereas only a century ago it had a precise significance in manners, and two centuries ago an exact significance in social rank. Consider again the word "clever". It covers pretty well everything, from cunning to genius. It is so with this term "middle class". People use it nowadays with a connotation of contempt: commonly contempt for the stratum of society immediately below that of the speaker. It may mean anything from the most isolated and ill-paid petty clerk to some great scholar, linguist and traveller. It can be used to mean men entirely cut off from Europe and its culture, or men who are most thoroughly representative of our civilized traditions.

It behoves me, therefore, when I write on such a theme as "the death of the Middle Class" to define my terms. I use the word "death" as meaning impending disappearance, not immediate disappearance itself. I mean the rapid decay in power and in the chances of survival. I mean the loss of those characters whereby a social class perpetuates itself, and

particularly its prestige and effect upon its surroundings. And I mean by "Middle Class" that highly cultivated body of men and women who until within living memory gave their tone to most of our Western countries and particularly to France and England; the people who were not, save at some removes or indirectly, connected with the territorial aristocracy or with the great mercantile and banking fortunes which have long been indistinguishable from such aristocracy. This Middle Class was not, and its relics are not, of course, a closed body. It was continually recruited from those wealthier and those poorer than itself. But the individuals making up this "Middle Class" do bear a common and unmistakable character which has been discovered in all high civilizations, which, when it has been permanent for some generations, has certainly been the main value of a cultivated society and has spiritually moulded both those above and those below its standard of wealth.

Everywhere this class was familiar with the classics; everywhere it had sufficiently the habits of leisure and the domestic demeanour of confidence in its position and future. From that class came in the main the legislators (not politicians, but those who defined and practised the law). From it came the doctors, the scientists, the historians. It gave to its country those creative critics (Johnson is here the chief example) who more than any other professional men fix the form of a nation's expression. From that class came those rare but decisive individuals called poets, through whom the soul of a society obtains its highest and most lasting expression. Make a list of those who in this country alone have furnished the members of such categories: Huxley, Newton, Swift, Byron, Keats\*—you might continue it indefinitely; save for here and there one of the wealthier families, far more rarely, one of the working populace, the whole bulk of our culture has sprung from such soil, and with its disappearance that culture is disappearing also.

Its effect has been of varying degrees in the different provinces of Christendom; its power of resistance to-day is also different in different countries. It is still strongest in France, it is still strong in Italy. But everywhere it has been undermined,

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\*Keats at the lower end of the scale, Byron of an impoverished aristocratic family. Each an example of a high contrasted type of English Verse.

already so much that if the process be not checked that class is doomed.

The causes of its decay are not material—social causes never are. Just as the dangerous herds of the modern proletariat came into existence not through machinery but through the previous deliberate destruction of a self-sufficient peasantry, so the death of the middle class proceeds from a certain growing mood in society, the main evil of which was greed. For it was greed that bred universal usury, the consequent enormity of taxation through National Debts, exploitation and gambling, and all that has brought us to the stage we have unfortunately reached. General history shows clearly enough how such things happen. We have a clear example and parallel from the Third and Fourth centuries of our era, when society somewhat rapidly fell into the two divisions of the very rich and their servile and semi-servile dependants. In those centuries also it was Gaul which preserved what could be preserved, but failed sufficiently to preserve it.

Till very recently the action of this highly cultivated Middle Class in modern Europe was of determining effect over that which lay above it as well as over that which lay below. The very wealthy were spiritually fed from this stratum which the more foolish of them despised but which the wise among them were careful to cherish. The characteristic of that vital class was the enjoyment of wealth sufficient to secure independence but not so great as to permit idleness. A certain measure of need spurred its energy, but that need was not so acute as to dull perception or to forbid those humanities which are the necessary foundation of a liberal mind.

I have just said that while the influence of such a class endures in any society the wiser among the rich cherish it. They feel instinctively, and sometimes even consciously, that the art and the letters, the intellectual life, the philosophy, the discussion, which vitalize them come from those who are immediately inferior, socially, to themselves. They know, in different degrees of perception that the failure of the cultivated Middle Class, its disappearance from the State, would be a cutting of the branch which supports themselves.

Meanwhile, the class in question frames its own traditions and

certain customs which have within it the force of law. By these it is perpetuated. Yet its survival is not indefinitely extended. It rises somewhat late in the development of any society and after some few generations it is manifestly imperilled from within and from without. Its basis in property becomes precarious. It passes through a last phase in which even its leading members feel the insecurity of something approaching proletarian conditions. That phase we in this country have reached ; and not only in this country but throughout Europe the menace has become so great that it already seems mortal. The new despotisms, by whatever absurd name they are called, " Bolshevik ", " Nazi ", etc., are based upon the mob, and it is this which makes them instinctively opposed to the Middle Class which made Europe. The international and cosmopolitan framers of modern revolutionary theory (now long established in action) did well to label their enemy " the bourgeoisie ". The term has been grossly misused, but it stands for an underlying truth. In hating that " bourgeoisie ", in murdering it wholesale, in starving it out and bludgeoning it, the Red despotism fulfils itself and acts according to its kind. No less do those other despotisms which profess to supply defence against the destructive forces of revolution, they also rely upon an army, as it were, of the half-educated and the wholly uncultured. Therefore, do they work by mere repetition of what are called " slogans ", by an appeal to the irrational, and a violent repression of criticism and discussion—things native and necessary to the civilized mind. We have the effect of all that to-day vividly present to the eye in the debasing of our architecture and the disintegration of our verse and prose, the chaos of our philosophy, and a special hostility to religion—for in and with religion it is that reason best lives.

It is to be remarked before going further that the Middle Class upon which our culture has so long reposed was—though it often denied that truth itself—instinct with lineage. The statement sounds paradoxical because this word " lineage " has become associated in our minds with long-established great wealth. But such establishment is not the essence of lineage. The essence of lineage is an individual's historic sense of descent and continuity and perpetuation through a lively family

tradition. All strong peasantries are attached to lineage, and this Middle Class of which I speak, though largely urban and as a rule no longer associated with the soil, you will find everywhere respectful of lineage in itself and, save among the thoughtless, respectful of it in its superiors. For lineage is the cement of any society. A man does not know himself unless he knows that from which he comes, and therefore that body whereof he forms a part.

Consider a number of individual examples within your own experience. Do you not find that the heirlooms, the family portraits, the traditions of ancestry and of relationship, are strongly interwoven with the pride, the substance, and the strength of that social spirit whereby the individual lives? You discover these characteristics in the well established commercial firms of moderate property—such of them as still survive. You find the same thing in the well established legal firms, you even find it in the literary traditions of the writers. You find it in the long connection with the services, the armed services, of the State, their cadres and their officering. When this bond weakens the whole framework of the cultivated Middle Class is imperilled, and with it there is imperilled the general spirit of the State.

Now if it be true, as certainly it is, that the Middle Class of liberal education and inheritance is now sinking, what remedies can we find against the disease?

It might well be answered that no sufficient remedy can be discovered, and such indeed is the general reply which men are now beginning to give to the challenge we have to meet. A long-drawn historical process of rise and fall can hardly be checked in its mid-career, and when the decline has acquired a certain momentum it seems impossible to reverse the current. It would seem that the thing has never been done in the past, or at least never successfully and thoroughly done: never done so fundamentally that the current would turn backward and the original culture revive. But it is also true that any process of conservation whatsoever is, if it be examined in detail, a perpetual renewal. A whole society, and a particular class within that society, a body of morals, a social code, however apparently securely established, is only maintained at the price

of perpetual vigilance and renewed effort. The first requisite for such effort is a conscious defined object, to which the effort at survival or reconstruction must be directed. Let us see whether there are not even in our present situation certain opportunities for providing against what many would call an inevitable catastrophe.

There do appear certain fixed points to which we can attach our defensive. They may be compared to the bollards on a quay-side round which sailors warp a rope to check the drift of a vessel which if it be let go a-drift will whirl and eddy down the tide till it is wrecked. They may be compared to those special "strong points" in a military defensive upon which, continuous effort, and sometimes ultimately successful effort, can be based, and the whole situation saved.

The most obvious of these, and the least understood, is the principle of private property. It is characteristic of our social decline that this principle has become confused with its chief enemy, and is taken to mean the defence of exceptional privilege and the power of great wealth. Private property is, I say, as a principle the very opposite of this. It is the doctrine whereby the independence of the family and of the individual is maintained. In an ideal State (impossible of course of attainment) we should have property so well divided that every family was guaranteed of economic independence through property. For the alternative to well distributed property is always, invariably and of necessity (in the long run), slavery. A citizen is not a citizen unless he owns. The means of production must be possessed, whether severally, or corporately through the guilds, by the units of the State, lest they fall for a brief and evil time into the possession of the State itself or at length, and more permanently, under control of a restricted dominating class which shall be masters of all the rest.

To recognize the principle of property, to make it the note of all our society by establishing it in a *determining number*, is the first and obvious practical necessity in any programme for the restoration of our culture. I have said that an ideal State wherein property should be evenly divided and thus universal is not obtainable. It is not obtainable because in the diversity and vicissitudes of human characters and affairs

no political ideal is fully obtainable. We call it an ideal to distinguish it from the practical result which *can* be obtained.

But that result is certainly obtainable, and it is characterized by the phrase just used, the words "determining number". What is needed is the presence in society of a *determining number* of owners : a proportion of citizens economically free sufficient to give tone to the whole of society. There is no definition possible of the exact proportion to be aimed at. It is enough to say that with an ideal before us an effect could be produced sufficient to restore the stability, now almost lost, of Christendom and of our particular province therein.

It is to the honour of certain among the most centralized and dictatorial governments that they have recognized this truth and are making a beginning towards the restoration of property as a principle among their subjects. They are working for that the English word for which is "Guild", and the most widely spread continental equivalent "Corporation". The wisest and most benignant of those centralized governments, that of Portugal, has already gone far in this direction. Under this government the guild has already taken root. In Italy the principle is recognized, the complaint against its action lies not in its character but in the hitherto insufficient development reached. The denial of it and the continuance of mere unrestricted competition (an obvious abuse of freedom which destroys freedom itself like a poison) has corrupted the whole of French industrial life, and in our own case, the case of a country almost wholly industrialized, and framed upon wage and salary rather than upon general possession, the disintegration of property has gone so far that most men have by this time lost their original instinct for it. But the seeds of recovery have been sown elsewhere ; they are known, if not yet garnered or used, among ourselves. It is not yet too late in Western Europe as a whole, and even here in England to make property real and general again.

In this connection the part played by what was called in England, in happier times than these, "a yeomanry", and is called elsewhere (as in Ireland and France) a "peasantry", is of capital importance.

The cultivation of the soil by a permanent body of small owners

everywhere acts as a fly wheel and regulator to the social machine. There is still so considerable a survival of this institution in Christendom as a whole that it may yet save the situation. For, where it is established, it diffuses the air and savour of property, of freedom, and of true citizenship, throughout the State. The Irish Government is working upon those lines ; the Nationalist victory in Spain will confirm the same results in that country. The Germanies, though they have become so badly industrialized, do under their new government accept, though most imperfectly, that institution, and presumably they will maintain and perhaps increase it. The Eastern and South-Eastern populations of the continent are already rooted in it. The extension of a secure peasantry, even where it is (as in most parts) very poor, is of good augury for the future.

Here it is noticeable that the false and vicious philosophy of Communism is at daggers drawn with such a sane establishment of the land. Communism is utterly urban and at the same time inhuman and mechanical. It is the very extension and perfection of industrial capitalism, maintaining all the evils of that which has so nearly ruined us, saving indeed the evil of inequality ; and inequality is not an evil save when it is exaggerated. Where there is a wide distribution of property, though that distribution be unequal, such exaggeration is checked.

When or if we could, however imperfectly, begin the re-establishment of property we should, by the very spirit of it, begin the re-establishment of culture and of that liberal middle class wherein the highest culture is founded and by which it is continued. For though this class has enjoyed more wealth than the mass of men enjoy, even where property is well distributed, and though without such an advantage the cultivated middle class could not exercise its influence, yet that class grows up naturally in a society of many owners ; it is essentially connected with the ideal of citizenship which it has defined and supported.

There is another factor in the effort at restoration. It is a factor which has been neglected in the modern world through an increasing dissolution of its main principle, the principle

of orthodoxy, of a common philosophy which can ultimately only be expressed as a common religion.

So much as to suggest such a thing is to-day still eccentric. Yet it is certain that without some common moral principle expressed in defined terms, the unity of society can never be achieved. It is attempted to supply the need of it by a worship of the State, of the Race, or of the Nation. In this last form, the worship of the nation, patriotism, it is the chief bond among Englishmen, and this has been the strength of England (largely through an aristocratic social tradition) during the last three centuries. It remains, I think as powerful as ever, but whether it is destined to endure unweakened only the future can tell us.

It was the very class of which I write, that central cultivated Middle Class, without which no high civilization can endure, which itself in the last two hundred years attacked, and all but dissolved, this essential factor of a common religion or philosophy. But note that, however tentatively and sporadically, in beginnings however small and separated, a sense of spiritual unity is returning, and here, as in everything else, the disturbed but intensely energetic French are principally at work.

By the mere mention of a principle so generally forgotten I have introduced a note of the unusual, and one which cannot here be usefully examined further. But I suggest as a subject for fruitful thought that if or when what remains of the now nearly fallen cultured Middle Class recovers the sense of spiritual unity, the instinct for orthodoxy, and a fixity in doctrine and morals, the battle for recovery will be won. Moreover, without such a return I conceive that battle to be already lost.

## GERMANY'S NAVAL AIMS

BY FRANK CLEMENTS

**I**N the early days of the Weimar Republic, the German Navy was very much under a cloud. Almost ignored by the left-wing governments, it gained scant respect from its natural allies of the right, for Nationalists could not forget the October mutinies which hastened the German collapse. Public opinion was indifferent, where it was not actually hostile. The Bavarian peasant saw no reason for a Navy he had a vague impression that Germany's challenge to Britain at sea was the chief cause of her downfall; the Prussian Communist jeered at the naval uniform in the streets of Kiel; the middle-class families remembered with still wary anxiety the days when they had crouched behind their windows, listening to the marching of the Red sailors.

Defeat and revolution had inevitably left their scars within the service itself. But nearly all disruptive elements had been expelled, so that among the loyal remainder confidence between officers and men was restored with surprising speed. Nevertheless, the Navy suffered from a fundamental ill-ease, caused by external neglect or contempt and an internal sense of futility. With but a few old ships, starved of money to build even up to the low Treaty Limits, surrounded in the now over-large and depressed Dockyards by evidence of former greatness, the Navy languished, only an instinctive sense of duty giving those who manned it the strength of purpose to carry on and reach such efficiency as was possible.

Some progress was made in the years before Herr Hitler came to power. New ships, such as the cruiser Emden had been built; above the waters of the Kiel fjord a memorial was rising to honour the old Navy; international ostracism had been broken when British warships again visited German ports; a new generation of officers and men with no bitter memories of the past was coming to fill the ranks.

In the three years immediately following the National-Socialist Revolution, development was rapid. The Naval ex-service and youth associations were taken over and supported by the Party; space was demanded in all newspapers for pro-naval propaganda; innumerable books and pamphlets for old and young were produced, glorifying the Imperial Navy and publicizing the new one; money for men and material was to be had in abundance. Germany's naval history would not crowd the pages of a very slim volume, but the past, even unto the dim days of Viking raiders, was combed for exploits to build up a tradition of German sea power. And, needless to say, in the effort to overcome defeatism and to put Germany's war effort at sea in proper perspective, exaggerated claims of victory against British forces were made.

But it was more than moral rehabilitation and prestige in the eyes of the public that the Navy gained under Hitler. By negotiation with Great Britain, the bonds imposed by the Peace Treaty were broken, and Germany was again free to build warships of all types, up to a tonnage 35% of the total of the fleets of the British Commonwealth. Great Britain went further and agreed that Germany's submarine strength should be 45% of her own with the right to parity in special circumstances. Germany for her part promised not to exercise this right without first stating her reasons in friendly discussion with British authorities.

Those, roughly, were the main provisions of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of 1935. It may be assumed that the main factors which influenced the Admiralty were: the traditional friendship and respect which the Royal Navy has always felt for the North Sea rival; clear realization that the extreme inferiority at sea inflicted on Germany by Versailles was neither reasonable nor just and could in the long run only be maintained by force; lastly, that if such an agreement were upheld loyally, it should end for ever Anglo-German naval rivalry with its dangerous influence on European relations.

However, although the Admiralty willingly agreed to the various clauses in Germany's favour, much misgiving was caused in some circles in this country, mainly among the apostles of the "German Menace" theory—at that time not generally

accepted—headed by Winston Churchill. Their argument was that the Agreement cut sharply across the main line of our foreign policy, and that the mistrust of our intentions which it caused in France and elsewhere more than counteracted any immediate advantages. This divergence between Admiralty and Foreign Office policy is a remarkable feature of our relations with Germany, and the above is no isolated example of this.

On Germany's side, the offer to limit her fleet to a fixed proportion of the British was a conciliatory move, although, of course, there were other influences at work. Germany was then almost friendless in Europe, and the moral recognition which a treaty of any sort implied was of great value to her leaders ; also she was anxious to concentrate on the development of her vital air and land forces, and was in no position to take part in an armaments race at sea, had it been her policy to try.

Then, her naval policy was by no means hostile to Great Britain. Hitler was not proposing to challenge us at sea, in the hope that we in return would tacitly give him a free hand in Europe, and his dreams were of a world divided into British and German spheres of influence. The duties and aims of the German Navy, therefore, were strictly limited.

As Mr. Roberts in his *House that Hitler Built* put it, the German Fleet was "only foressential defence and as an expression of Germany's naval pride". Great Britain's neutrality in a future war was the fixed assumption on which German naval policy was built. Russia was to be sealed in the Baltic, while France, if necessary, would be harried with a small but powerful striking force. The presence of the British fleet would check French commerce warfare, and trade partly in British bottoms would save Germany from blockade. The North Sea coastline was to be protected by light sea and aircraft, supported by heavy coastal batteries, manned by naval land divisions. (*Landmarineteile*).

The main duty of the German Navy in peace was—and is—the linking of overseas Germans with the homeland. World cruises by units and squadrons are regularly made, and the first duty of a German warship in a foreign port is to establish close contact with the local colony. The influence of these visits on lonely and sentimental exiles cannot be over-emphasized.

I once visited the *Graf Spee* with a German girl at Portsmouth, when she suddenly exclaimed with an intensity which would have been ridiculous in an Englishwoman : " Oh, how fine it is to be on German soil " ! This, not in Malay, but within a stone's throw, so to speak, of Germany.

These, the fundamental aims of the German Navy, were reflected in the building programmes. The terms of the Anglo-German agreement made a revival of the High Seas Fleet an impossibility, and the surface strength available was devoted to the formation of a striking force and a moderately strong squadron to support the Baltic flotillas of submarines against the Russian Fleet. It is extremely doubtful whether Germany envisaged very active commerce warfare at all, preoccupied as she was with the necessity of maintaining Britain's neutrality. Moreover, from conversation with German officers, it seems that they had accepted the maxim that commerce raiding has never been decisive and is never likely to be. In connection with this it is interesting to note that many naval writers agree that the fast armoured ships like the *Deutschland* are not intended for nor likely to be risked on commerce raiding.

By accepting a fleet that was not suitable for aggressive action against this country, it is obvious that German political leaders were risking a great deal on Britain's neutrality. Events of the last eighteen months, particularly during the crisis last autumn, showed them that they had dangerously misread the reaction of this country to Germany's political aims, and forced them to reckon Great Britain as a possible, even probable enemy.

Their reaction to the situation with which they were confronted may be concisely stated as follows. If at all possible, war with Great Britain must be avoided ; that can best be done by making fullest use of this nation's desire for peace. As far as practicable, direct conflict with Britain's interest must also be avoided ; where it is unavoidable, the conflict must be so disguised as to cause doubts in Great Britain as to its real nature. Germany's armed forces must be developed in such a way that they will most effectively *threaten* Great Britain, and therefore cause this country to avoid a war which might be infinitely more damaging—whether successful or not—than

concessions made in peace. Nevertheless, the possibility that Great Britain will seek decision with arms must be faced, and the secondary aim must be to make German forces as effective as possible for *employment against* Great Britain in the event of hostilities.

Obviously, Great Britain will never be defeated without a decision at sea, so that this new German policy will be clearly reflected in the aims and programmes of the German Navy. To achieve their first aim of deterring this country from war, and inducing us to be pliable in negotiation, Germany's political leaders wish to increase what may be termed the nuisance value of their sea forces. This, more than anything else, has inspired their recent decision to build up to parity with the Commonwealth in submarines, for, however much they may rant in public, war with Great Britain is what they most wish to avoid, as neither the general public nor Service advisers have any enthusiasm for it, and its almost inevitable conclusion would be the downfall of the present *régime* in Germany.

With her present fleet, both of underwater and surface craft, Germany is in no position to apply effective pressure at sea, even with the aid of her doubtful ally, Italy (largely neutralized by France), and even more uncertain confederate, Japan (occupied with China and checked by the American and Russian Pacific forces). Should she build up to the maximum treaty limits, she would never be able to send to sea a force comparable with the old High Seas Fleet—particularly while she must divert a moderately strong force to the Baltic—and can therefore never hope to offer direct challenge for the command of the sea. Her main weapon must once again be the submarine, now re-inforced by shore-based aircraft.

Her present force of built or projected U-boats is on paper a formidable one, being made up of 72 vessels, three more than the British total. But it is easy for the casual observer to be so impressed by mere numbers that the real war potentiality of the present U-boat fleet is greatly overestimated. No less than 33 boats are of very small size (250 tons), and their *rôle* in war must be a defensive one. They are probably intended only for Baltic use—to defend Germany's trade route with Sweden and to shield her coast from Russian invaders.

A further 24 boats are of approximately 500 tons. While their effectiveness is greater than that of the Baltic submarines, it is still very circumscribed. German writers, at least, assign to them also purely defensive functions. There undoubtedly exists a fear among German naval authorities that Germany may be attacked on the Schleswig-Holstein frontier by a striking force landed in Denmark, probably with the connivance—at least without the effective resistance—of that country. Therefore they regard it as essential to divert a strong underwater force to baulk such an operation.

Of a total of 72 U-boats then, only 15 are over 700 tons' displacement and classifiable as offensive submarines, and even they are not particularly suited for commerce warfare for reasons which follow. German writers hold that aircraft are the best weapons to employ against a well-protected convoy in narrow seas. Anti-submarine destructive weapons and detective devices have much improved since the last war, and the submarine must face the newly developed risk of being sighted, reported on or attacked from the air. U-boats are not likely to be given the dangerous task of attacking convoys on a large scale, for, as commerce raiders, they can best be employed on the High Seas, outside the range of intensive air-reconnaissance and protected convoys. Three considerations make large submarines desirable for such a purpose. First, the area to be covered demands a wide cruising range; secondly, Germany has no overseas bases on which she can utterly rely, and all her submarines must return to North Sea harbours—the larger the boat, the less often it has to run the gauntlet of our defences and the smaller the risk of loss; thirdly, continued operations in the Atlantic demand a submarine of some comfort and sea-worthiness, if the crew is to be able to operate efficiently.

Consequently, Germany will probably devote most of the forty odd thousand tons which she is now free to build to large submarines, although she will still be compelled to divert some proportion of this tonnage to North Sea and Baltic defensive aims. Less than a third of her total fleet will have great offensive value against Great Britain, a negligible number compared with the forces she had at her disposal in the later years of the Great War.

To my mind, it is quite possible that Germany will not for some time avail herself of all this total tonnage, even though she has very recently declared this to be her intention. Her threat to do so is more valuable than the deed itself would be. However, increased German submarine building will be countered by a large Admiralty programme of escort vessels and small destroyers, thus making the relative positions much as they were. But as a bargaining weapon in negotiation, this dormant submarine fleet is obviously of considerable value.

Up to this point, it may be assumed that German naval officers, support the actions of Nazi leaders, but there is small doubt that they will have no enthusiasm if the plan is ever developed to its ultimate extreme, when the German Navy would be definitely re-organized for offensive purposes against Great Britain.

They themselves in print and conversation frankly admit the weakness of their position. Within the limits of the Naval Treaty, no German fleet can be developed which could menace our command of the Atlantic and North Sea. Even with reliable foreign bases, her U-boat raiders on the western seaboard could at the most harass rather than destroy our trade. What is the likelihood of Germany's obtaining bases? France will presumably be hostile. Portugal, an old ally of Great Britain and suspicious of German colonial aims, will at the very least be an unfriendly neutral. Spain is unlikely to risk open warfare with this country. For to allow enemy U-boats regularly to refit, refuel, re-arm and re-man in Spanish harbours would be tantamount to declaring war. There remain the possibilities that bases will be taken by force in the Canaries or established by negotiation in the ex-German colonies. Making the considerable assumption that these will be established, one has to remember that these bases, if they are to be of value in a long war, must in their turn be constantly restocked with fuel, provisions and armaments, and re-inforced with men. How is Germany to do this without control of the sea surface and with enemy strongholds on both flanks?

It is not possible here to enter into a full discussion on the possibilities of Germany establishing bases in Spain on the mainland or elsewhere, but in view of the widely-held opinion

that she will, a short examination of the position is desirable. Bases in peace could be established without Spain's entirely free consent, for General Franco is heavily in debt to Germany, and this debt can only be paid in kind (by iron ore, etc.) or by political concessions. Nevertheless, there is as yet no reliable evidence that such bases have been established. However, if they are, their maintenance in war time will depend on the whole-hearted co-operation of Spain, for when Germany is at war with other Great Powers, she will be in no position to put direct and immediate pressure on that country, either military or economic.

On the other hand, Great Britain and France can exert the strongest influence on Spain if the situation demands it. We did not do so in the Great War, for although Spain admittedly granted certain facilities from time to time to raiding U-boats, yet bases in the full sense of the word were never established. Our main weapon would be blockade. Spain has very few effective modern ports in relation to her coast line ; those in the north can be controlled from France's Atlantic sea-board or from Portugal ; those in the south from Gibraltar ; those on the east from South France and Morocco. (At the very worst Italy might exercise limited control of the Eastern, never the Western Mediterranean).

Secondly, there would be open to us the possibility of direct intervention in Spain. General Franco's position is vitally different from that of Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini in that he will have achieved power largely by military conquest, and that no matter how moderate a policy of reconciliation he may pursue, it is most probable that in many districts such as Catalonia and the Basque Provinces there will always be latent disaffection. In the event of war, Anglo-French money and material could be well employed in such areas to support campaigns of terrorism or sabotage, while in the extreme event small expeditionary forces could be landed to form the nucleus of an armed revolt. Spain, moreover, although not entirely free to decide for herself in peace, will be her own mistress when her present ' advisers ' are shut off by miles of sea under Anglo-French control.

Seeing that she can scarcely hope to wage a successful naval

war with a treaty navy, Germany might decide either to denounce the Treaty or to build beyond the agreed limits secretly. The latter possibility is swiftly disposed of. Ships are not built in the middle of forest areas or in mountain strongholds, and Germany's geographical situation is such that information of secret building would reach the British Admiralty almost as soon as keel-plates were laid. It would require more than the executioner's axe—at least a magician's wand—to keep such a secret.

By denouncing the Treaty Germany would commit herself to an armaments race at sea, and it is obvious that she is in no position to compete with us. Financial considerations, indeed, will be ignored, for their importance seems to be over-emphasized when considering totalitarian economics. But whereas Great Britain has not begun even to approach her maximum ship-building effort, Germany is already very near the high limit of hers. Shortage of skilled labour is acute in the dockyards, and the vast armies of unskilled men which are drafted to the naval ports can no more hasten the building of ships than the presence of a hundred ward attendants can speed an operation. Moreover, long hours, forced shifts, and not over-generous salaries must in the end unfavourably affect the morale of dockyard workers (It should be remembered in passing that Kiel was a Communist stronghold and that concealed agitators must still be in existence, ready to make the most of any genuine grievances). Any increase in the present pressure, such as a larger building programme would involve, must inevitably lead to resistance—if only passive—from dockyard workers. It is doubtful whether it is humanly possible for them to do more than they are at the moment. If Germany cannot compete in an arms race, still less will she be able to replace the losses of war. Furthermore, increased shipbuilding will add to Germany's raw material difficulties, and the metals absorbed in the dockyards would in all probability have to be supplied at the cost of other armament schemes.

Finally there is a grim message in the lines of the poem his sailors recited to Herr Hitler when he dedicated the Naval Memorial at Kiel :

“ But then comes darkness and raw winds blow.  
A Fleet lies sleeping in Scapa Flow ”.\*

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\*Translated from *Das Mahnmal*, by Hans Fuchs.

## THE CALVARY OF SPAIN

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

TO the accompaniment of a hail of bombs from the “invincible” air armadas of Germany and Italy, General Franco’s well-gearèd and well-equipped military machine has smashed its way through Catalonia.

Three months ago Dr. Negrin’s Government and the People’s Army appeared to have found the secret of successful resistance, on the purely military terrain, and their submission seemed achievable only by a completion of the food blockade (the granting of belligerent rights to the rebels) or by a devastation from the air on the scale of the raids by German and Italian ’planes last March. But the daily strain of the dislocation of individual and community life from the incessant air bombing had taken its toll, and a brave people has had to bow the knee to stratocracy.\* The anti-democratic forces have once more carried too many guns—this time in the most literal sense.

In every country where minds are free men and women have registered that fact—and its implications : and the obverse of the medal, likewise noted, is the tragic exodus of hundreds of thousands fleeing over the French frontier rather than stay to greet the “liberating” legions. Yet the forces of privilege, with their old supporters and new sycophants, still delight to take in vain the name of “Nationalist”; and, though the Spanish Government, re-established in Madrid, has not forfeited that title, the ‘powers’ in London and Paris are said to be intent on recognizing the rebel *Junta* as the rightful rulers of Spain. (I may perhaps point out, in passing, that the Spanish term *nacionalista* has an entirely different connotation—meaning as it does a Catalan, Basque or Galician whose attachment to his folk-group has, as in southern Ireland, come to take political form). Thus does insurrection become “resurrection”—by the smiles of the bitch-goddess, Success.

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\*cf. Webster’s New International Dictionary : Government based on an army.

These are days when the supporters of democracy—or even ordinary human decency—are thankful for small mercies. For surely in other times there would be outraged condemnation for the decree defining “responsibilities” issued from Burgos on February 13th. Penalties of varying degrees of severity are prescribed for all who have opposed the “National Movement” either actively or “by grave passivity”. It is explained that sentence of outlawry is pronounced on all persons belonging to the parties and organizations constituting the Popular Front : and, what is more, this punishment for “political responsibility” is extended to apply to those guilty of “subversion of order” from October 1st, 1934 onwards. Freemasons and “Separatists” (the species simply did not exist under the Republic) are singled out for special abuse. Not a bad imitation of totalitarian justice ! And we are expected to welcome this talion dispensation, because General Franco’s *Auditorias*\* and special courts appointed to try the ‘Marxist criminals’ will be a safeguard against “irresponsible or personal reprisals”. Dr. Negrin, on the other hand, both in his programme of War Aims—the Thirteen Points—and his recent statement of the Republicans’ conditions for laying down their arms, comes out for a general amnesty. This General Franco cannot accept, we are told, because of the bitterness engendered by the murder of thousands of “Nationalist” sympathizers in the early months of the war : when every one knows—the evidence of Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana and Antonio Bahamonde, the head of the Press and Propaganda Department of General Queipo de Llano†, is conclusive—that the same degree of savagery and violence obtained in the territory under Insurgent rule.

This Burgoselucubration certainly goes far to confirm the boast of one of its intellectual paladins, Jose Pemartín (in his booklet *Que es lo nuevo ?*) that Spain will become the most Fascist State in Europe.

“Just as in the past”, he says, “we in Spain claimed to be more papist than the Pope, so we can be more Fascist than Fascism itself. . . . our Fascism must be perfect, absolute. . . . The new Spain is to be “absolutely intolerant of ideologies and opinions contrary to the Catholic religion, and their propaganda must be decisively banished in all its forms. . . .” It is to

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\*The *Auditorias* are special military tribunals instituted from an early stage of the war.

†*Doy Fe* . . . by A. R. Vilaplana, translated into English and published by Messrs. Constables, under the title *Burgos Justice* and *Un Año con Queipo*, by Antonio Bahamonde.

be militaristic and anti-democratic": meaning "the prolongation of the military command as long as necessary to purify and elevate Spanish political life by the infusion of those high military virtues and the eradication of contrary political vices . . ."

These are not the ravings of an irresponsible journalist. They are the programme envisaged by the head of General Franco's Education Department. The Roman Church, needless to say, is to be granted a monopoly in education: on the other hand, nothing so old-fashioned as freedom of worship but a State Church, with religion serving the political ends of the State. No wonder we read recently of a close cultural accord between Franco's Spain and Hitler's Germany. In matters of foreign policy declares Señor Pemartín, the pattern to follow will be that of 'International Fascism', and the British Empire in its "evident decadence" is graciously accorded a place in the new constellation "analogous to that of the decadence of the Roman Empire in the Christianization of the world".

This is the Spain with which, according to the yes-men in the newspapers, the democracies can establish and maintain friendly relations, reaping at last the reward of "non-intervention". By some means or other Dr. Negrin and his Cabinet are to be compelled to capitulate: the good offices of Mr. Chamberlain, may be required for a second Munich: and when General Franco has dutifully promised, yet again, to order the withdrawal of his foreign allies, a loan will be forthcoming from London for the reconstruction of war-shattered Spain, while the usurper will be encouraged and assisted to secure the stock of gold of the Bank of Spain deposited in Paris—no doubt to pay off his prodigious debts to the "Axis" Powers.

What a nightmare picture! Here is the bitter fruit of that "non-intervention" expedient whereby, if the truth be told, the advisers of Mr. Eden and M. Leon Blum succeeded in transforming a military revolt *that had failed* into this thirty-two months old civil war. Already in July, 1936, General Franco showed himself an apt pupil—when he announced that Spain's 'salvation-Army' had this time raised the standard of revolt to save Spain from Communism. The idea spread like a prairie fire. And, with judicious elaboration by the practised agents of Germany and Italy, it came to constitute the staple of the assumptions on the Spanish question of the 'men of

property ' in every land. Yet it was—and is—a prodigious lie, the very exemplar of the "whopping" lie recommended by Herr Hitler in *Mein Kampf*.

Franz Borkenau, in his recent book on *The Communist International* (as a renegade Communist he is scarcely suspect), has finally nailed this lie to the counter. Revolutionary unrest under the surface in Spain there was in plenty : but Communism—or Marxism—properly so-called "was practically non-existent". During the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, he reminds us, the Communist Party was so insignificant that the General did not trouble to prohibit it, and the communist press continued to appear. In October, 1934, the party gave its blessing, it is true, to the localized socialist revolt in the Asturias—though the Socialist Party's instructions never went beyond a general strike : but the violence and armed rebellion was actually instigated by the *Alianza Obrera*, of which the moving spirit was Andres Nin, the arch-enemy of the Communists. And the aim of the rising, anyway, was not 'red revolution' but the defence of the Spanish Republic. When the civil war broke out, the Communists, by then committed to moderation, had not a hope of "winning the allegiance of the excited masses" ; not only that, "Moscow disliked the whole Spanish trouble. During the first months of the civil war it gave absolutely no support to the Spanish Republic . . ." It was the postulates of power-politics and not any "ideological" bid that brought the U.S.S.R. in against the militant anti-Red States.

All talk of preserving Spain from Bolshevism was indeed—as was written in that ultra-Tory organ, *The National Review*—"put out for the benefit of mugs here and elsewhere". Yet for the best part of two years it appears to have deluded the makers of British policy, the business men and the Services advisers, who were so blinded by the Red light that they overlooked elementary considerations of strategy and power-politics.

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Stripped of the garments of partisan phantasy, with which in this age of propaganda, it was bound to be bedecked this Spanish conflict has indeed a two-fold character. On the one hand, Spain is the arena in which the power-units of our European

*disorder* are striving for mastery. As such it is likely for some time to figure in history as an appendix draining into itself all the poisons of the body politic. But it is also the latest and greatest example of a country conquered, nay victimized, by its Army. Government by Army oligarchy is common enough on the Continent : in Poland, in Bulgaria, in Yugoslavia, it is the rule, and intermittently in Portugal and Greece. In Spain, of course, it furnishes the substance of the political history of the past hundred years. Only in the countries that have won through to the goal of government by consent of the governed—the best simple definition of democracy—does it seem an anomaly : and England, too, had her civil war wherein the temper of the people was forged. (With us the brief experience left such a legacy of resentment—an anti-military ‘complex’, which, be it noted, has never applied to the Navy—that it is the inspiration of three-quarters of the peace sentiment of our nation and, in particular, was the psychological foundation for that sterile clamour for “disarmament” which, of course, ignores the very texture of international politics).

But government by the Army is itself an admission that a country has failed to find a solution of its *political* problem. Spain’s sickness, and indeed the international is fundamentally that—a crisis of *government*. And any true friend of Spain must judge the *régime* of General Franco by its capacity for working out and operating the complex of institutions appropriate to the peculiar psychological and physical conditions of the Peninsula.

The man in the street is nowadays not content to accept at its face value what he is told about the situation in Spain. Above all, he is really concerned that Spain shall have a chance of working out her own manifest destiny. For, let us remember, the history of the past hundred and twenty years in Spain is that of a backward nation ‘struggling to be free’. The urge to what we call democracy (and the Spaniards ‘Liberalism’ because, humanly speaking, they *are* a democracy) is exceedingly strong and deep, particularly in certain regions. By 1931 it really seemed as if the *ancien régime*, the oligarchies of Church and Army and land-owning classes, with their political dummies, had shot its bolt. And all who know contemporary Spain would agree that the will of the majority is emphatically on

the side of social justice. If, as we see now, reaction was destined to stage a come-back it was not on its own merits but simply lifted up by the national-socialist wave from central Europe which broke over Spain, too, in 1933—the fatal fascination of alien “revolutionary” movements abroad. For the daily dope of the newspapers—*bourrage de crâne* in the apt French phrase—has so heated the blood of the present generation as to inflame all but the most phlegmatic to a crusade for “Fascism”—or “Communism”; and Spaniards, alas! from a tardy experience of literacy, are voracious readers of newspapers. There you have the explanation of the fact noted by Dr. Marañón—and attributed wrongly to the decay of Liberalism—that the Spanish students of the Republican period turned a political somersault and devoured the anti-Bolshevik carrot. These two utterly incompatible elements are represented, we know, in the ‘Nationalist’ amalgam by the old Monarchists, the *requetes* and a proportion of Spain’s traditionally invertebrate middle class, on the one hand, and the motley array of “revolutionary” elements gathered into the *Falange*, on the other.

The outsider cannot presume to guess which of these elements is going to win the day, when the inevitable show-down supervenes. All we know is that, when the war is over—and, however adept are the operators of the propagandist machine, who have learnt the technique from Germany—there is going to be an uncomfortable process of de-bamboozlement. Meanwhile, and for some time to come, one must consider the Army *régime*, the one thing which keeps the factions together: a ‘steel frame’ not unlike the British Government’s century-old rule over India. It may be that General Franco and his colleagues will give democrats cause to revise their opinions. But Spain’s Army leaders in the past have certainly not displayed any gifts of statesmanship: and Franco, Jordana, Yague, Millan Astray and the like, whose field of experience is mainly Morocco, do not look like being any exception to the rule. The decrees suppressing Regional liberties—in Catalonia now after the Basque Provinces—are ominous. Army leaders, I suppose, in any country favour a uniform pattern: they expect to issue orders and obtain prompt obedience. That is not government,

however, in any real sense of the term : and particularly in a country like Spain, where each Region has its own peculiar problems, where the people in one area, loosely described as " Castile " may be living in a different century from, for example, the peoples of the Mediterranean coast—the sector of Spain, incidentally, still held by the Loyalists and which in 1810, likewise, was the only part not overrun by Napoleon and his invading armies. (The non-Castilian elements represent 38% of the population). The only safe generalization about Spain is that no system can survive which does not take its cue from what Professor Allison Peers has called " the violent regional dissimilarities in the temperament of the Spanish people ". Yet none of the *prohombres* of the Insurgent cause seem to have any conception of this unity in diversity. And the promptings of their German and Italian friends are not likely to help very much. A centralization of power is in fact utterly alien to the Spanish reality.

Comparisons are perhaps invidious. But anyone who knows Spain must avow that the political suit designed and cut by the tailors of the Negrin *régime* on the other hand—for the whole of Spain, for all Spaniards—fits extremely well. Professor Atkinson described and analysed the Thirteen Points in an article in the January issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, so I need not say more about that here—except that the practice of Dr. Negrin's ' democracy in war-gear ', of which I saw something in Barcelona in October-November last, was in the highest degree encouraging. The tone of the Prime Minister's speeches, and of those of President Azaña, must certainly have impressed any but the wilfully blind. And it is an appalling thought that it is probably just because the leaders of the Spanish Republic are by comparison such decent, civilized, liberal Europeans that they are now going under.

Perhaps even more remarkable were the sentiments expressed by General Rojo, Chief of the General Staff of the Government forces, in a broadcast appeal to all Spaniards on January 18th, four days before the fall of Barcelona. It will bear quotation :

..I wish to speak with words of deep feeling and clear ideas, so that all who listen to me this evening, when 2½ years of our fratricidal war have just ended, may find in my voice an echo of their own conscience. I would emphasize the strange contrast shown by our people who, desiring a

thousand times the end of the struggle, at the same time fight with a faith and an enthusiasm rarely equalled. If I—a non-political man, one of good faith, a Christian and a Spaniard—if I could untie this Gordian knot, undo it and bind together these two Spanish currents which crush and destroy each other, I should not regret having suspended for some moments the fulfilment of my exclusively military duties. . . .

Politics, war and men have artificially created these two Spains : but in reality there is only one Spain. Do you believe that the old Communists and Socialists who form the core of your Phalangist organization are far removed from us ? We know it is not so, as we know that the old bourgeois of your zone are with us in spirit. Incontestably two Spains fight on military ground : that of Franco against that of the legal Republican. But the real problem, which is more profound, does not reside in this ; and no military victory will be able to solve it. The struggle began between Spain, decayed, corrupt and mediæval, and the Spanish people who did and do aspire to revitalize decadence. Therefore, the forces which are fighting on the fronts represent two artificial Spains, destroying the vitality, physical vigour and the potentialities of our race—all without any gains and so that a single Spain, that of us all, yours and ours, may perish at the hands of foreigners . . . .

While the liberty and independence of Spain are at stake our duty is clear: the crucifix which still hangs above our beds holds us to it ; and our children, whose look of terror from the explosion of Italian bombs is ineffaceably fixed in our minds, are always before us. Spanish women prostituted by the invasion, cities destroyed and fields ravaged by the barbarity of your aviators, caravans of peasants fleeing from torture and death, old people queueing for a few ounces of food, so as not to perish of hunger, thanks to your blockade, imperiously demand it of us. It is a duty imposed by God, by our country and by our children. It must be performed every day, every minute, until the end—for the sake of Spain. We do not lose hope that a ray of light may in the end penetrate the blindness of your leaders. I repeat to you, that I do not ask of you either magnanimity or pardon—only a little understanding and patriotism. That should suffice to put an end to the calvary of Spain . . . . .”

The simple soldier has probably not even yet realized, as his political colleagues have in bitterness and anguish these past few weeks, how much Spain is just an object of policy—a pawn in the game of the so-called Great Powers. Anglo-French domination of the strategic and mineral wealth of the country is challenged by States that wield new weapons and economic devices, whose tribal leaders openly assert that their “nations on the up-grade have rights against those that are declining . . .” The challenge was inevitable from the day when the victors in the Great War simply sat on the splice—instead of seeking to establish a new international authority to administer and protect strategic key-points and raw materials. A change in the pattern of power in the Mediterranean would seem to be inevitable ; at times, indeed, one almost feels that the

facilities provided through intervention in Spain for German economic exploitation and Italian settlement and employment are all part and parcel of Mr. Chamberlain's notion of appeasement—defined irreverently by Mr. G. E. R. Gedye in his new book\* as 'let them have anything they can get hold of quietly—anything as long as there's not a mess on the drawing-room carpet' !

It is claimed, however, that General Franco, having won the military campaign—entirely and exclusively through foreign aid—now asks nothing better than to cut the painter and steer his ship of State into the calm haven of that Anglo-French sea power which has preserved Spain's "neutrality" for over a century. (That the Axis Powers may have other views is conveniently overlooked by the wishful thinkers who abound on this side of the Channel.) The neat capture of Minorca for the Spanish Insurgents, effected through the diplomatic intervention of H.M.S. Devonshire, is certainly calculated to lend colour to that idea—even though Franco's friends blotted his copy-book by a succession of untimely air raids. Whether this gentlemanly buccaneering, so characteristic of the Admiralty, was intended to forestall a German-Italian assault on the island—or was yet one more march stolen upon France—the public has no means of knowing. But the public is bound to reflect that such action is cynically self-regarding—in the light of the professed impotence of Great Britain and France to avert German and Italian intervention—'without running the risk of extending the Spanish war into a general conflagration'.

One thing is certain—despite the patter about saving Spain from needless bloodshed, the British Government's spurt of activity is not likely to take any account of what Spaniards themselves feel or want. After all, a policy that was really designed to bring about the extirpation of foreign influences from Spain would involve also the giving up of Gibraltar and the ending of control of Spanish waters by the British Navy. Of that attitude in high circles one sees not the slightest sign.

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"Madam", said Walpole to Queen Caroline in 1734, "there are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe, and not one

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\* *Fallen Bastions* (Gollancz).

Englishman". There is, forsooth, historical warrant for the Walpole pattern of policy which the British Government has traced these past few years. And, undoubtedly, the unthinking many are perfectly satisfied with the selfish purpose of non-embroilment. But for every such Englishman there is another who is disgusted and humiliated by the persistent surrender—of other people's lives and welfare—to totalitarian blackmail and force. Emerging from 10, Downing Street the Prime Minister tells us as a great discovery that the English people are internationally-minded as never before. Actually, of course, there has always been a strong tradition of internationalism—often in vague, sentimental, shifting and wayward form, it is true. Without it, indeed, as a protective colouring, the far-flung British Empire would never have come through unscathed to the ordeal of to-day. To-day, I contend, thanks to agencies like the B.B.C.—yes, and on a lower plane, the much-maligned popular Press (*cf.* the articles of Cassandra and W.M. in the *Daily Mirror*)—that inclination for democracy and a policy based on morality has developed into an attitude of informed understanding which the mighty ones are neglecting at their peril. There are millions of us to-day—all who are not politically analphabetic—who are ashamed to see a great country like Spain being crucified on a cross of gold. At least, as Mr. Anthony Eden wrote in the *Sunday Times* of February 12th :

"having ourselves assumed responsibility for non-intervention in the early stages of the conflict it was an obligation on us to do our best to hold the balance even . . ."

In that the makers of British policy, except on the occasion of the Nyon Conference, have failed lamentably. And, in these days of air power and "barter" economics the new dispensation in Spain seems likely to provide a rude awakening\* for the trustful folk who see a delectable vision of the British Navy paramount and able, in any circumstances, to keep the world safe for sahibs.

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\*For details of German designs on Spain *Azis Plans in the Mediterranean*—with a preface by Capt. Liddell Hart (published by the London General Press, 1939), may usefully be consulted.

## ZU HAUSE—A Story

BY PENISTAN CHAPMAN

EVERYTHING was of the best at Frau Lukor's. At the large and gloomy old house in the Friedhofstrasse she lived in fine and elegant style. Perhaps everything was not quite so clean as it might have been ; perhaps the twelfth century tapestries might sometimes have needed dusting and the rows of cacti on the window-sills flung up their prickles for a drop of water ; but we made up for that with a flow of Beethoven that rang about the house all day, with Rhenish high-spirits and an inflow of food, daily, enough to stock a starving garrison.

Frau Lukor had been married first, to a wealthy Armenian rug merchant. All the carpets in the house were of incredible pile. Upon his demise she had married a Frenchman, an art connoisseur and editor of a Parisian art journal. His taste was responsible for the porcelain fans and engraved snuff boxes and figures of fine, wrought gold wire which hung about the house in cases and filled drawers and were occasionally found on the Armenian's deep-piled carpets. But alas ! the finest examples were gone, scattered heaven knows in what private collections, shamelessly filched from the generous Frau Lukor by irresponsible dealers who in some cases had even done barter with her : a Rembrandt print for a Giuseppe Carly carving, a nice Sisley or Renoir for an Adrady *croix*. All false, false as the dealers. But afterwards, what could one do ?

Her third husband had been a German, of stock as pure as herself. He had been a professor of anthropology, a very *rein* and learned man. He had bequeathed her a magnificent library, the house in which she lived, and a large sum of money. She had three sons, one by each husband. They spoke beautiful German, beautiful English, played Beethoven divinely—and ate.

Miss Harris came to tea. She was in Germany learning the language for some course or degree or other. She was about twenty and pretty in a shy, delicate sort of way.

Unfortunately, almost as soon as she had been shown into the *Diel* Doctor Ginzauer was announced.

Now Dr. Ginzauer was Frau Lukor's suitor. What he was a doctor of nobody knew ; and when I tried to find out, he didn't even seem to know himself. Although he moaned for the days of golden opportunity before the War, he seemed to do well enough on sacrifice ; he helped his brother run a boot and shoe factory and frequently plotted long tours abroad which he would have taken had not the *Devisen* difficulty prevented him.

When he came to visit her, Frau Lukor adopted a most extraordinary procedure. Although she received him in the drawing-room she did not dress for it ; or rather she did, putting on an ancient, decayed garment that ill became her, quite unlike her usual gaudy clothes. Tea was served in the dining-room as usual ; but what a tea, stale *Brötchen*, black bread, black coffee. No *Kuchen*. No cream. No jams. No slices of sausage smuggled on to the table to enable one to keep one's strength together until *Abendessen*. No flowers. The maids were off, so Frau Lukor herself prepared *Kaffee*. And it was on Wednesdays, the day of the doctor's visit from his distant suburb, that one noticed the dust thick on the tapestries and the cacti crying out for water. . . .

But in spite of this regularly presented portrait of herself moving in dire poverty through the inherited luxury of her home, the Doctor was a most faithful and ardent suitor. He had pressed his suit for years without result. But only on Wednesdays was he received ; for only once a week could she afford to entertain, Frau Lukor had explained to him ; and only on Wednesdays could he come, because on Wednesdays, apparently, the boot and shoe trade practically died on his hands, Thursday being the day they received their raw materials, and as they received so little, they were a day short in the week. Judge then, under these circumstances, of Frau Lukor's and my horror, when on a *Thursday*, when we were entertaining Miss Harris, a new and uninstructed maid announced the Doctor.

Frau Lukor's round, jovial face, with the long ear-rings smacking her cheeks, grew white as modelling-wax. "*Der*

*liebe Gott!* " she murmured, and threw up her hands to the heavens in exasperation and despair.

The Doctor came in. He was stout with black hair and when he smiled his eyes quite vanished into fleshy caverns in his head. He came in smiling, his hands outstretched. With commendable cordiality Frau Lukor received him. Then presented Miss Harris.

" Ah, Harris Hotspur! " cried the Doctor gaily. He always prided himself on being able to make foreigners feel at home.

He rubbed his hands and did not sit down and seemed so full of something which he must at all costs tell Frau Lukor that I said :

" If you will excuse us . . . Have I time to show Miss Harris my study before tea? ", for I was in Berlin then, writing my second novel.

But my well-intentioned move was shattered by the tea-bell. Frau Lukor looked at me blankly. She turned to the Doctor. But the Doctor was looking round the room. The tapestries were dusted, the cacti watered. There were orchids on the table, fashion magazines in the rack. His black eyes swung to his hostess. She wore a frock of red silk, striped with yellow and a purple bow ; and aquamarine ear-rings.

" Dear August, have you time to stay for tea? " she said. " Or must you go? Perhaps if you wish to say something to me we might . . . "

" Thank you, Lisa, I should be delighted to stay to tea. Thank you."

We went into the dining-room.

There were dishes of apple, plum, black-currant *Kuchen*. With cream. Fresh *Brötchen*. Slices of sausage. Indian tea. China tea. Black or white coffee. Fruit.

We sat down to tea.

" Miss Harris is my new paying guest ", said Frau Lukor. " She came only to-day. She is the daughter of a very old English family. Very old indeed. Harris Hotspurs. Very old family. Very famous for games, too, are they not? Yes, yes. The Hotspurs are a word international. They own much land, a large playing-field in London ".

Miss Harris raised her blue eyes from apple *Kuchen*. I

caught her a terrific kick on the shin that made her wince. But she caught my meaning too.

"Indeed, indeed", said the Doctor respectfully. He contemplated Miss Harris for several seconds. Then he passed her the plum *Kuchen* and cream.

Just then a flood of the Appassionata rang through the house, and we knew Fritz had returned from the University. "Fritz, Fritz", called his mother, and Fritz came in. He was very tall and fair, and when he saw Miss Harris, he blushed crimson. Miss Harris blushed too, staining her pale face red as old Bordeaux. Nobody but me seemed to notice anything, and they mumbled some sort of introduction, and Fritz sat down. Scarcely had he begun his meal, when the house was raked by the Fifth. "Cherif, Cherif", called Frau Lukor, and Cherif, small and dark, the Armenian son of his father, came in. He, too, was introduced, and began his tea. Then we heard the Moonlight flow through the air like water, and in response to his mother's call, Henri came in.

The three young men made a hearty meal, then we adjourned to the drawing-room. Dr. Ginzauer, by this time, was almost visibly bursting to tell Frau Lukor his news.

"My dear Lisa", he said, "If I might have a moment, a moment with you alone, in which to tell you . . ."

"But dear August", said Frau Lukor, with the most magnificent assumption of frank and kindly bonhomie that I have ever seen, "But dear August, we have no secrets from one another here! Surely anything you have to say to me can be said before my family circle whom you know well. My sons, Penistan, and also Miss Harris".

Dr. Ginzauer shuffled to the edge of his chair and looked around him at the three sons lounging in three chairs, at myself by the window, Miss Harris prim in a little chair, and Frau Lukor herself, rich and billowy on the settee.

And then in a flash I knew what she was doing. She, too, had seen his agitation, knew that he was bursting to tell her something. And she knew, or could guess, something of what it was. Some further inducement to marry; some good news, some unexpected turn of fortune which he thought would attract her—weight the scales in his favour—had brought him

hot-foot over from Carlsuke on Thursday, of all days. Yes, nothing less would have drawn him from his factory on the day when raw materials arrived. And she knew, too, that she was tired of him as a suitor; that her weekly entertaining and pretence had grown to be a bore; and she saw here a splendid way of getting rid of him for good: for if he could bring himself to put his new proposal before her in front of the family she could formally refuse him—and, quite legitimately, end the acquaintance there and then; and if he refused to propose before such a crowd of witnesses . . . she could also legitimately be offended, for who but herself and the Doctor (and myself who had observed all this) knew what it was he wanted to tell her, what secret and desire were tearing his already heaving breast?

So Frau Lukor moved comfortably on the settee, and smiled at him, while the Doctor shuffled more and more to the edge of his chair, till I thought he would finish on the floor. And the rest of us stared at him solemnly, waiting for him to begin.

To my everlasting admiration of the Doctor, he chose the harder way, though what it must have cost him, I shudder to think. "Dearest Lisa", he said, "You know I have for a long time . . . And have so often asked you to . . . but you have always refused. But now . . . Dearest Lisa, I have been appointed by the *Führer* member of a Commission to go to England to a conference on Raw Materials. Dearest Lisa, you have no idea . . . the prestige, the honour . . . the opportunity to serve the Fatherland . . . Dearest Lisa, will you not share it with me?"

He gasped, like a fish drowning in air, and was still. Frau Lukor's three sons sat immovable, looking at him. Dr. Ginzauer seeing them, shut his eyes, as if he saw the shades of the three departed husbands behind them too. Only Frau Lukor was at ease, amiable, smiling. Everything had turned out just as she thought.

"Dear August", she said. "I am charmed, honoured . . . *ausgezeichnet*. But I am afraid I cannot accept. I have my duty to my family. I am afraid . . . I am not fitted to be the wife of so distinguished a man".

She meant the tapestries that were not dusted and the

parching cacti; her poverty-stricken self moving through the inherited luxury of her home.

"But Henri and Cherif are working", said the Doctor, even, yes, even willing, prepared, before us all, to beg. "And I could give you much that you now lack". He indicated the room vaguely, seeing it not as it was now, but as he had seen it on Wednesdays, for a succession of years.

"That could not be necessary now, dear August", said Lisa. "You forget I have Miss Harris, my new paying guest".

Fritz suddenly shot up in his chair. "What's that about Miss Harris?" he said. "Our new paying guest? Here?"

"But, of course, Fritz", lied Frau Lukor calmly. "You knew that".

"I certainly did not. Why, it's impossible".

"And why?"

"Because . . . because . . ." And then his handsome blond face reddened and the words came out in a thick cascade: "Because Miss Harris and I are going to be married".

"What!" almost shrieked Frau Lukor.

"We met at Rumanian Literature. We couldn't help it, we fell in love. I was going to bring her home soon, anyway. And I'm not going to finish my degree. I've got a job in a publishing house. I . . ."

"Fritz, what are you talking about? And Miss Harris, What does this mean?"

"I'm afraid it's true. We were going to tell you. We . . ."

We suddenly realized that somebody was laughing. It was Dr. Ginzauer. He was laughing fit to kill himself, till he nearly shook himself out of his chair.

"So you see, my dear Lisa", he said, "The last of your family departs. Now you have no ties whatever. No indeed. Nothing whatever to keep you here at home".

Then a curious little knot formed itself between his eyes. "But if Miss Harris is not a paying guest, as Fritz said, then . . ." His eyes raked the room again, raked back over that scrumptious tea, finished up at last on the lavishly dressed Frau Lukor and her aquamarine ear-rings. And then, like a burst of lightning it flashed upon him. "You lied to me, madam", he said.

"I'm afraid I did", said Frau Lukor.

"You lied to me", said the Doctor. He trembled with sudden indignation and rage. "You lied to me, not once, but many times. Come, tell me the truth. You are not poor, are you. You are not a poor woman. You are a wealthy one. That is so, is it not? Is not that the truth? You are a wealthy woman, and you have all these years deceived me into thinking you poor?"

"That is so", said Frau Lukor calmly. She could afford to be satisfied. If she wasn't going to get rid of him one way, there was the other.

The Doctor rose, outraged passion written all over his face.

"Very well. Under these circumstances, and before these witnesses, I formally withdraw my proposal of marriage".

There was a rustle in the room as if a woman in a silk skirt had walked in. Frau Lukor, her round face quite expressionless, shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear August, don't carry on so. I hate to see you upset. I'm sorry I deceived you. I apologize".

"I accept. You did it for your own reasons, which I do not know. But your deceit is not, of course, the reason why I withdraw my proposal". He stopped. "Indeed, no. I withdraw my proposal because I could under no circumstances contemplate taking a wealthy woman as my wife".

The rustling stopped, and we all stared at him, including Frau Lukor. Her grey eyes had turned almost the colour of her aquamarines and were popping out of her head.

The Doctor bowed smartly to us each in turn, marched with dignity to the door, and out.

Instantly the room was in a pandemonium. Everybody talking at once, though what we were all saying, heaven only knows.

But above the clamour I heard Frau Lukor's voice. She was sitting on the settee having hysterics, screaming and kicking her legs.

"See what you have done now. See what you have done now. Fritz and Miss Harris, you have ruined everything. Through you I have offended Doctor Ginzauer and he has gone away. He will never come back now. He will never visit me and propose again. And I might have been going to England soon on a

Commission for Raw Materials. Oh what an honour! . . . What a distinction. . . . What an opportunity for serving the Fatherland! I might have seen Buckingham Palace and Mr. Anthony Eden, and gone there, yes, and have spoken with the King and Queen. O! August, O! August ", she moaned. " Dear August. You have gone away for ever. Oh, come back again, come back."

" But Frau Lukor ", I cried, " You have for years schemed to get rid of the doctor. You have never, never, intended to marry him. Never ".

She left off shaking her fists at Fritz and Miss Harris and turned to me.

" Oh, you writers ", she said, " Oh, you writers. You think that everything is static. You think nothing changes. You do not understand the human heart, and that when it is overwhelmed with understanding, love is born. You are like fishes all the time. Dry, dry, dissecting. Without imagination. Without understanding. When August . . . "

And then I realized she was trying to tell me that when the Doctor had shown such unexpected spirit in declining to marry a woman wealthier than himself, then Frau Lukor had seen unexpected regions, unfamiliar character and possibilities in a familiar thing, and had, and had . . .

" Go after him, go after him ", she cried, waving her hands at us, and I ran from the house, as I was, into the street.

At the end of the street Dr. Ginzauer stood waiting for a tram, The tram was passing the house too, as I came out. I had to run like a hare to beat it to the stop.

" Dr. Ginzauer ", I said, " Dr. Ginzauer ", clutching his arm and by force dragging him out of the crowd. " Frau Lukor says, will you come to tea as usual, next week, on Wednesday."

" And Dr. Ginzauer ", I said, " You know she can't help it. I mean being rich. Money's like a stammer; not particular where it comes. And she has the boys to think of, you know. And now Fritz is going to marry Miss Harris . . ." I coughed, desperately doing my best, putting lots of feeling into the words, although they were inadequate.

" That is so, dear child ", said the Doctor, " I shall think of many such things when I am calmer. I realize I spoke very

hastily and unkindly to Lisa. I will apologize to her. I am sorry for it. For although her being a wealthy woman makes things very difficult for me, is it not touching, dear Penistan, to think that for years she has practised this ruse of poverty, seeking to retain my affections by these means ? ”

“ I admit I overlooked this in the heat of the moment at her house. But now I realize it . . . it almost outweighs the disadvantages of her wealth. Such a humble spirit, hesitating to become my wife, yet wishing to retain my friendship. . . Is it not noble, overwhelming, touching ? ”

“ Most noble, overwhelming, touching ”, I murmured faintly.

“ Tell Frau Lukor, most certainly I will come on Wednesday. And in the meantime . . . tell me Penistan, a good book to read on London, I shall have so much to see when I go on the Commission. Buckingham Palace and Mr. Anthony Eden, yes, yes, and the field of Harris Hotspur. And if Lisa comes too I must be able . . . do you think she would like to see these things too ? ”

“ She’d adore them all ”, I said, “ Especially the field of Harris Hotspur. But here’s your tram. *Aufwiederseh’n* till Wednesday *’Wiederseh’n*. *’Wiederseh’n*. And there’ll be loads of *Kuchen* for tea ! ”

## THE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS

By REV. PROFESSOR H. MAURICE RELTON, D.D.

THERE is a growing feeling in Church circles that in a changing world, under changed conditions, the Church itself ought to play a more decisive part than heretofore in the appointment of its chief officers, the Bishops. It is a conviction which Nonconformists also for some time past have shared, and in the view of not a few amongst them any re-union with the Church of England would have to include as one of its conditions such spiritual freedom as would secure for Church members an emancipation from State control in so vital a matter as the appointments to key-positions in the Church. This feeling after a larger measure of self-government has found expression frequently in the history of the Church of England in the past.\* It has, however, grown in volume and intensity in recent years, particularly since the passing of the Enabling Act and the emergence of the Church Assembly. With the larger measure of Church self-government which the Church now finds itself possessing under that Act, there has inevitably developed a corresponding deepening of the sense of corporate life. The Church finds itself in increasing measure ordering its own affairs, setting its own house in order, and initiating Church legislation covering almost every phase of its manifold activities. The State has helped generously in fostering this spirit—and with very few exceptions has allowed the passage of a growing number of Church Measures which have received the confirmation of the Crown by the means of the legislative procedure sanctioned under the Enabling Act. The outstanding

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\*The subject has been brought up in Convocation on at least five separate occasions to date since 1870, and lately in the Church Assembly, which issued an Interim Report on the Appointment of Bishops in 1929 (C.A.282). The last Convocation Report was in 1920 (No. 516 Report of the Joint Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury on Crown Nominations to Ecclesiastical Offices). The Archbishop's Commission on Church and State made certain recommendations in the matter, and this Report is now before the Convocations.

exception, of course, was the attempted Prayer Book Revision; and the action of a majority in the House of Commons in rejecting the two Prayer Book Measures led to the Church appointing a Commission to review afresh the whole problem of the relations between Church and State in this country.

Among matters arising from the Report of the Church and State Commission is the question of the Appointment of Bishops. The Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury recently debated the matter very fully—and referred certain proposals to the Lower House for their concurrence. The Lower House devoted a full day to the consideration of the problem—and in the issue by a small majority turned its back decisively against any attempt to tinker with the existing system, pending a drastic alteration in the whole mode of procedure at present in force. The terms of the resolution finally adopted by the Lower House were significant. They say in effect that, until and unless the State concedes to the Church a decisive, though not exclusive, voice, in the appointment of Bishops, the present unsatisfactory system should be left unchanged. This is at once a condemnation of the present system as unsatisfactory and at the same time a clear indication to the Church of what is the goal towards which it must now direct its steps.

It is maintained that whilst theoretically the present system is indefensible, it works out uncommonly well in practice. This, however, is a tribute rather to the wisdom and tact of those who have to work the machinery than to the intrinsic worth of the machinery itself. The real power of appointing Bishops rests, in constitutional theory, with the Crown; according to constitutional practice, with the Prime Minister of the day. The only check on this power are a possible refusal of the dean and chapter to elect the person nominated by the Crown, and the possible refusal of the archbishop to confirm or consecrate the Crown nominee. In either case refusal would involve, in theory at least, serious personal consequences, and nothing short of a refusal to consecrate would legally affect the ultimate result. The question naturally presents itself in these critical days when abroad the whole problem of the relations between Church and State has become a very "live" one—Is the present system here in England on this matter of appointment of Bishops

safe? Is it consistent with that measure of spiritual freedom which the Church ought to possess if it is to do its distinctive work effectively in the modern world? The system depends upon the personal qualities of the Prime Minister modified to an unknown extent by the personal qualities of the sovereign. The Church has no guarantee that a system which so far has worked well will go on indefinitely and never fall into unworthy hands. Clearly some safeguards are needed.

Nothing less than an equal voice with the State in submitting a name or names to the King is what the Convocation now asks the Church to claim. There are clear advantages in a system which secures for the Church an authority *external to itself* in nominating for Bishoprics. In other parts of the world where the Church has complete control in the choice of its own Bishops, there are many who feel that the system in vogue in England produces better results. All that is necessary is to introduce some check against a possible misuse of the position in which the Prime Minister now finds himself placed. This, it is suggested, might take the form of giving to the Church itself a decisive, though not exclusive, voice, in these appointments. At present the utmost that the Church possesses is an unofficial "advisory" voice through the Archbishops and others whom the Prime Minister may consult, *if he feels so inclined*. What is needed is something more than an advisory voice as a check upon the unrestricted freedom of the Prime Minister in the selection of names. This could be secured if the Prime Minister and a layman appointed by the Church should consult together and jointly submit a name or names to the King. It is conceivable, of course, that they might not be able to agree together, and in this case the King might be placed in the awkward position of having to decide as between the nominee of the Church and the man put forward by the State. Practically, however, such an *impasse* is hardly likely to arise. Two men possessed of an equal voice in the choice would have ample opportunities for minor disagreements in private conference, but neither would care to proclaim publicly that they had reached a deadlock. All that would happen in the case of an acute disagreement would be the selection of another name upon which they could agree from the large number of possible candidates always available on these occasions.

Is such a demand by the Church reasonable and is it consistent with the retention of the Establishment? Clearly complete self-government and absolute freedom of choice in the appointment of Bishops could only be conceded to the Church, and in fact would be gained by the Church, only if it were disestablished. That is the price which obviously would have to be paid ; and rightly so. It ought, however, to be possible to find some reasonable measure of readjustment of the present unsatisfactory system which should preserve the values inherent in the present method of procedure and at the same time concede to the Church a larger freedom and a more determinative voice than it has at present.

Upon what grounds may the Church's claim be regarded as reasonable and in no sense excessive? The answer lies in a review of the past history of the relation of Church and State and the meaning of the Royal Supremacy. First let us be clear that there is nothing inherently contrary to Catholic principles in the civil power claiming a decisive voice in the appointment of Bishops. The nomination of Bishops by the Crown is something which dates back far beyond the Reformation. Archbishoprics and Bishoprics were regarded as in one sense property and as such donatives of the Crown. The late Lord Selborne in his *Defence of the Church of England* points out that all the Archbishoprics and Bishoprics were regarded as of Royal foundation, because the lands with which they were endowed, whether of Royal or of private gifts, were held, not of any subject, but 'in chief', by title of 'barony' of the Crown, and our law-books state that all these Bishoprics were anciently donatives of the Crown ; that is, the Crown had the direct right of appointment to them without election. It is so stated by King Edward III. : Judges in the "Year Books" of the 6th and 17th years of his reign (AD 1332 and 1343). There is a statement to the same effect in the "Statute of Provisors" (25 Edward III). On the other hand, it is equally true that in the earliest times of the Church of England, before Bishops had civil privileges or territorial endowments by title of barony, they may have been elected, either by the general body of the clergy of the several dioceses, or by the conventual clergy of the Cathedral cities. It was probably on this early practice that

the Chapters or Conventual Bodies attached to Cathedrals founded their claims to be canonically entitled to elect their Bishops. A typically English compromise between the respective claims of the temporal and spiritual powers resulted in the Bishops and other Prelates chosen for Sees or Abbeys doing homage to the King. The law of the Church of England as to the presentation and admission to Capitular and parochial benefices, and as to rights of patronage and the remedies for their disturbance, was not altered at the time of the Reformation. But a Statute was passed in 1533 to secure to the Crown the right of nominate to all English Bishoprics. The Royal license for election, with a letter missive naming the person whom the King desired to have elected, was still to go, 'as of old time had been accustomed', but it was made obligatory under heavy penalties, to elect the person nominated by the King. Queen Elizabeth revived the Act of 1533, and by that Statute appointments to Bishoprics are governed to this day. But with this significant difference that whereas the Royal Supremacy of the King over the Church which Churchmen were compelled to recognize by Henry VIII.'s Submission of the Clergy Act, seriously crippled the spiritual freedom of the Church in many ways, yet when all is said and done, it was the supremacy of a Sovereign Churchman, himself a subject of the Church, over subject Churchmen, themselves loyal members of the State.

The real secret of our present difficulties as a Church in relation to the State lies in the subtle difference that has taken place in the meaning of the "Royal Supremacy" in the course of the evolution of our English Constitution. A sovereignty which the Church could safely vest in a personal King who was himself a loyal servant of the Church, has come, in course of time, to be vested in a secular body which in no sense can now be called a body of loyal Churchmen, namely the House of Commons. The Royal Supremacy of a Sovereign Churchman over the Church has shared the fate of the rest of the King's prerogatives. They have ceased to be "personal" and have become "constitutional", being administered by the Prime Minister, who is himself responsible to Parliament. Amongst these prerogatives is a subtle form of control by the State over the Church which consists in the rights of the Crown over an

appreciable part of Church patronage ; not least in the Crown appointments to Bishoprics and Deaneries, which, within the lifetime of some of us, has practically fallen into the hands of a single person, the Prime Minister. This might be tolerable if the Church could have some guarantee that in the event of the Prime Minister of the day not being himself a Churchman, his rights should be delegated to a member of the Cabinet who was also a member of the Church of England. While securing for the Church the undoubted advantage of having the Prime Minister's advice and assistance in the making of these appointments, it is reasonable, however, to ask the Crown's consent to a formal or statutory diminution of its powers, such as would concede to the Church an equal voice with the State in the appointment to key-positions in the Church. And such a concession would be fully in accord with constitutional practice.

If we have passed from the sovereignty of Kings personally ruling over a subject people to a more democratic form of government with the King's prerogatives " in Commission ", a corresponding change in representatives *quâ* the Royal Supremacy should logically follow.

If the fount of sovereignty is now sought not in a single King but in the people, and if the " Royal Supremacy " of a King over the Church is now to be found in the " supremacy of the people " over the Church, this surely should be the "*supremacy of the laity*" *i.e.*, the Church people, over the Church. As things are at present, it is the supremacy of the Prime Minister, claiming to represent the House of Commons which itself is representative of the country as a whole. If the country as a whole contained none save Church people, or if the House of Commons consisted only of members of the Church of England, or if the Prime Minister has to be a member of the Church as a condition of holding office in the Cabinet, the position might be tolerable. The obvious way in which a fair re-adjustment could be made would be to have the Prime Minister in the exercise of the Royal Supremacy in the matter of appointment of Bishops representing the *people* of England, and a layman chosen by the Church to represent the Churchmen of England. There would then be two equal voices, fairly representative of (a) the whole people of the land and (b) Church people.

## GOLDEN NUMBERS

BY FRANK SINGLETON

THE Currency and Bank Notes Bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons unopposed. Confronted with a measure affecting the very ark of the covenant of finance—the gold reserve—the pundits were cautious. They did not commit themselves far as to the real significance of the bill but they did come out far enough to be at variance. In some quarters it was a mere nothing; in others it has been hailed as a revolution in the currency and banking practice of this country; “a change in machinery” said the Chancellor of the Exchequer; “the last triumph of Bolshevism” said a well-known financial authority. Perhaps nobody knows. The debate itself was rather like a demonstration of roller-skating in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the star turn and cut the only figures. As he pushed off quietly from the side of the rink the spectators waited a little breathlessly. But he was soon well launched and performing his dexterous convolutions with polished ease. He was not going to slip up. There was only a moment’s hesitation “The effect of such a demand would be, I suppose, in the first place to reduce the Bank’s reserve of notes”. He supposed? But he glided safely home at the end of his expository *tour de force*, and honourable members began, with varying degrees of clumsy caution, to venture out themselves on the slippery surface with many a deprecating gesture to avert a fall—“I confess I am a little in doubt—I do not think anyone need apologize for that, because this is a complicated matter . . .”. “These were hidden mysteries once, which we were not expected to explain”. And at the end of the performance the Financial Secretary to the Treasury stepped briskly out to wind up and bring the curtain down on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. ‘There you are ladies and gentlemen. Nothing in it. All perfectly simple. Nothing in

his hand, nothing up his sleeve. Just a piece of machinery', he might have been saying. No wonder Mr. Graham White said :

"It is remarkable that we should be discussing here a Bill dealing with currency and finance which must affect more or less everybody in the country, but which, nevertheless, requires all the Right Hon. Gentleman's ability and powers of explanation to make it clear to the House. What is the fate of the ordinary man in the street, who is going to be affected vitally by this arrangement whether he knows it or not?"

What indeed ?

To the man in the street, or the intelligent woman, or even to the rest of us the main purpose of the Bill as it emerges is to revalue the assets—gold and securities—which back the Bank of England note circulation. The reserve which the Bank of England keeps has up to now been valued at 85/- an ounce—a figure established in 1717 by Sir Isaac Newton when he was Master of the Mint. Gold to-day in the market brings over 148/- an ounce. There is now to be a weekly valuation, and the value of the Bank's gold reserve will be written up to the current market price. If there is any discrepancy between that figure and the amount of notes outstanding it is to be remedied by a weekly adjustment between the Bank and the Exchange Equalization Account. If the gold reserve in the issue department of the Bank of England is valued at the old statutory price of 85s. an ounce it stands at £126 millions. Revalued at 148s. 6d. an ounce it will be written up to £221. There would thus be a surplus of £95 millions. But at the beginning of January this year gold was transferred from the Bank of England to the Exchange Equalization Account to the value of £200 millions (nominal or £350 millions at the market price). To meet this the Fiduciary Note Issue (*fiducia*—a trust; an issue of notes depending for its value on public confidence or securities and not therefore backed by gold) was increased from £230 millions, which is the authorized amount, to £400 millions. Now the Fiduciary Issue is to be reduced to £300 millions, which will from now on be the new authorized figure. The present issue will thus be reduced by £100 millions. So that the net result is to cancel notes to the value of £5 millions. (£100—95 millions).

The authorities now have complete freedom to vary the

amount of notes in issue by shifting gold to and from the Issue Department as well as by changing the fiduciary circulation. It is in fact a long step towards a "managed" currency. The Exchange Equalization Account is thus going to become also a Currency Management Account. Suppose the price of gold falls. The Bank does not want to be compelled to restrict currency, so sufficient gold is transferred to the Bank from the Exchange Equalization Account to "back" the existing volume of currency to the authorized legal amount. Suppose the price of gold rises. Then the amount of currency can be increased. But suppose for some reason it is desired to increase the amount of currency, and the price of gold has not risen, the gold can be brought from the Exchange Equalization Account to the amount which will make the proposed increase legal. The currency authorities have the best of it both ways. But, though they could hardly ask for greater freedom of action, that freedom has not really been granted them under this bill, which hardly affects the note issue.

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The man in the street may ask to what end these powers conferred by the Finance Act of 1932 (following the Currency and Bank Notes Act of 1928) are or should be directed. And his kinsman, the man on the streets, may well demand that this is the moment to consider if the unemployed, now numbering over two millions cannot benefit. Can the economic system really not work better? Must we have two millions unemployed at a moment when vast schemes of public works are in demand to give us security from air raids? Can the powers implicit in this bill regulating currency not be made to answer some of the questions being asked on their posters by the members of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement?

The currency of this country has now been freed from gold as a basis by a series of measures which have helped trade, expanded industry, and to some extent reduced unemployment. We can say, as Sir J. Wardlaw Milne pointed out in the debate in the House "that there is nothing now in our currency arrangements and nothing in our money system which prevents us putting all our people in employment and achieving real prosperity". If not, why not? It is a mistake to think that the amount of

notes in issue is itself either inflationary or deflationary in effect—as Sir Cyril Entwistle pointed out. It is not the number of notes which the Bank of England is entitled to issue that is of importance to trade and to price levels; what matters is the number of notes in circulation which is actually being used for the purchase of goods. The number of notes being used for such purchases can, however, be regulated.

So long as the country is not employing all its resources to the full, as is obviously the case when two million men are idle, it should be our object to see that the money spent on food, boots, clothes, entertainment and the commodities lumped as consumption goods, or of new machinery, plant and buildings—the additional capital goods necessary to produce them—is so great that the manufacturers of these goods will in their own interests extend their output and employ more men. Such an effect can be achieved, of course, and an increase ensured in the total amount spent on additional goods by a fall in the rate of interest, which will in fact increase the demand for every type of commodity. If the rate of interest falls business men are tempted to renew plant and expand their undertakings and thus require more men. If public works are undertaken at such a time the burden on the rates is reduced, and there is an expansion of speculative building. The rate of interest therefore should fall in times of unemployment.

The Bank of England is in a position to control the amount of money in existence, and it can increase this amount by buying securities from the public on the stock exchange and thus animating the joint stock banks to make new advances of money or buy new securities; at any rate if the latter continue to play fair and restrict their ratio of cash reserve to the customary proportion. (International co-operation in directing currency policy to the cure of unemployment would be useful but is not indispensable). Should the policy be proved sound it would be more worth the Government's while even to subsidize the banks in any difficulties in which they became involved rather than abandon the policy, if it holds a hope of diminishing unemployment. The only other difficulty which has hitherto stood in the way of the Bank's pursuing a policy of buying securities to

counteract unemployment has been the legal restriction on the power to issue notes.

Whilst the immediate effect of the new Currency and Bank Notes Bill on the amount of issue will be of the smallest, it ought now to be possible to have more clearly in mind that it is the main function of the banks to see that we have the amount of currency which trade demands in order to maintain a high level of employment. The net result of the new Act will in fact be to write down slightly the fiduciary issue. The writing up of gold was a more hopeful step than the writing down of the fiduciary issue—which may well be a mistake at a time when it is necessary to undertake the financing of a huge armaments programme and to find work for an increasing army of unemployed. It is difficult to see why the Bank of England should not be allowed complete legal freedom to issue notes to the amount which will ensure a high level of employment being maintained.

The latest bill is a long step in the right direction. If the considerable powers now possessed by the authorities are wisely used they should still the fears of the rearguard who feel that only on gold was there real stability and that every step away is a step towards destruction. Anyhow there seems at the moment to be no intention on anybody's part to reverse the direction. The Gold Standard gleams only in the retreating past.

*Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea ?*

## RUMANIA, 1939

BY GEORGE PENDLE

**I**N Rumania, where so much is uncertain, there is one certainty to-day : King Carol will not readily allow himself to be shelved with the Emperor of Abyssinia, Schuschnigg, Benesh, and Azaña. He is big, tough—and will fight to defend his heritage. He holds the country in his hand. Rumania is his property, and he rules magnificently over it.

For the moment, Carol's control is undisputed. The Goga 45-day fiasco (January, 1938) gave him the excuse to crush all political opposition (it is whispered that he put Goga in power for that purpose). Communism had long been illegal, for obvious reasons. The Iron Guard is now supposed to be liquidated also. But, unlike the totalitarian dictators, Carol does not claim that his present policy is eternal and sacrosanct. If he considered it expedient, he would to-morrow abolish his own Constitution of 1938 and revive the Iron Guard with himself as Leader in a new uniform. Circumstances compel him to live *au jour le jour*.

I have heard it said in Rumania that Carol is only interested in his personal power and grandeur ; that he looks upon the country merely as a background to his own magnificence—a background of fantastic wealth and terrible poverty, of oil-wells, forests, farmlands, modern apartment houses and filthy slums, fashionable Black Sea beaches and boot-less soldiers. Against this background is the splendid, dominating figure of the Monarch wearing the white plumed helmet and the white cape. An impressive picture.

But even if this interpretation had been true of the past, it would be beside the point to-day, for Carol's internal policy at the present time is and must be dependent on international developments that are beyond his control. He is manœuvring to preserve not only his power and his crown, but the very

existence of his country as an independent State. So for the present at least the interests of King and State are identical. This fact has been appreciated by left-wing politicians in England, whose earlier objections to the visit of King Carol and his son to London were abandoned after Munich.

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The Munich Agreement came as a great shock to the Rumanian people. Even those (except the racial minorities) whose sympathy had been with Germany and the totalitarian technique were appalled to think that Hitler was now virtually on the frontier of Rumania. They had prepared their hearts and their larders for war during September, but they had considered the Sudetan mountains to be their own main line of defence. It was rumoured in the cafés of Bucharest that King Carol had marked on the map a corridor through which the Russian troops would be allowed to cross into Ruthenia. Now suddenly Germany was over the mountains and within reach of Transylvania.

Rumania, which blocks the Nazi route to the East, is, of course, Germany's natural source of oil and of farm products, and is a backward land ready for development by German industry.

It is not surprising that Germany should wish to dominate the country. What are Carol's means of defence? His army is quite inadequate. The Western Democracies cannot be relied on. Italy, in spite of the real and sentimental ties between the two races, is Axis-bound. Rumanian relations with Russia are purposely mysterious (though it is clear at least that King Carol, the Hohenzollern, now considers the Russian menace to Bessarabia less dangerous than the German-Hungarian threat to Transylvania). The principal defensive weapon, therefore, is the astuteness and vitality of the King himself. His ability to play off Germany and Russia against one another; not to provoke Germany to support the Hungarian revisionist claims, yet to keep Berlin at bay; to work with Poland and Yugoslavia in forming an obstructive block; and to persuade Britain and France to buy a larger quantity of Rumanian produce, thus lessening the dependence on the German market.

To be successful, King Carol would require the support of a

united nation. Hence his efforts to impose political unity on his people: the drastic centralization, the single Front of National Re-birth, the universal salute: *Sanatate!* (*Salud!*) This campaign is undermined by the racial minorities—the Germans and Hungarians of western Rumania, principally. The population of the former Hungarian town of Temesvár—now Timisoara—illustrates this problem. Of the inhabitants of this pleasant town approximately 25% are Hungarian, 25% German, 25% Rumanian. So Hungarians and Germans together total double the Rumanian population. After Munich these revisionist minorities expected a rapid disintegration of the State. They walked the streets arrogantly. Their propagandist activities were redoubled. A few weeks ago in Timisoara a bomb was thrown in a theatre where a Jewish troupe was performing. King Carol is, of course, quite aware of the danger that on the slightest provocation Germany and Hungary would encourage the minority agitation as in the Sudetenland. For this reason during the Czech crisis he issued a decree which considerably improved the status of the minorities of Rumania. He allows the Germans and Hungarians to produce their own newspapers (subject to the usual censorship). And while the execution of the Iron Guard leaders was a severe blow to the Nazi disciples, the granting of liberty of political organization to the Germans of Rumania was a gesture of tolerance. The new Rumanian Government (February, 1939) contains six Transylvanian Ministers and Under-Secretaries. (On the other hand, it is evident that Germany and Hungary understand King Carol's game perfectly and they will only instruct their local agents to co-operate with him and with the Front of National Re-birth so long as it suits them to do so).

The major weakness in King Carol's policy is not in his treatment of the minorities (he has tackled that heart-breaking problem resolutely), but in his failure so far to acquire the full confidence and enthusiastic support of the working class, the vital human reserves of the country. He has not yet sufficiently corrected the impression (created during the past years of his reign) that the royal policy is a Court policy, product of the conflict of ambitions and interests within the Palace; a policy that is divorced from the real life of the peasant and the operative.

Many of the latter feel that the organization of the Front of National Re-birth, of which the Directorate and Council are appointed by the King himself, is intended as a means to supplant the workers' guilds and by incorporating all trade and class organizations in the mammoth Front, to obtain the easier regimentation of the working people in the interests of a governmental clique.

King Carol's subjects should now be made to feel that their ruler is working for the preservation of the State, its frontiers, freedom to manage its own affairs. The Rumanian people are infinitely supple, adaptable, but very conscious of their difference from the surrounding races. They are proud of the so-called Latin (really Byzantine) origins of their culture and spirit, and the Romance tongue. They will not easily accept German tutelage, nor for long be repressed by the Germans. They are not practical. The Jews of Rumania are the practical caste (that is why that caste is considered an oppression, but can never be removed). The Rumanians are easy-going. This is partly the result of the natural richness of their soil. The corruption in public life, noticed by all visitors from the West, is one aspect of this tolerant nature : it is not corruption, in the Western sense, but is the product of the desire to please. The Rumanians are a potent race. King Carol, if he is to succeed, will have to draw strength from their potency, rather than from the ambitions of Court favourites. Already the people are conditioned to help him. They know what is happening in Europe. The German menace is not a journalist's fiction, a pessimist's scare, but is a physical reality, something of which the Rumanian people are constantly aware in their daily lives. Day and night they are conscious of an invisible, persistent pressure. The ever-advancing nightmare of the future.

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The twists and inconsistencies of Rumanian policy as seen by the outside world during the coming months will doubtless be as bewildering as were the changes in that policy during 1937 and 1938. If Rumania can survive another year without committing herself irrevocably to anything whatever, that will be a considerable diplomatic achievement. In international affairs the aim seems to be a continual " marking time ". Occasionally

the Nelson touch will be resorted to (perhaps it is significant that King Carol's present Deputy Premier, M. Calinescu, wears a smoked-glass monocle). It is assumed that in the meantime Great Britain and France are becoming stronger and that, if our rearmament progresses with sufficient speed, the old balance of power will be restored in time to save Rumania, whose existence within the present frontiers is dependent on that balance. A forlorn hope?

## THE REAL CYRANO

BY N. SCARLYN WILSON

THERE are some men who are familiar to us because we have seen their images vividly reflected in the distorting mirror of romance. Were we to meet them face to face, however, we should have difficulty in recognizing the originals. Cyrano de Bergerac is a case in point. To most people he is known solely through the genius of Coquelin or of subsequent interpreters of the rôle in Edmond Rostand's play, which the great actor so brilliantly created in December, 1897.

The Cyrano of the piece is the ideal romantic hero, arousing admiration by his courage and the qualities of his mind, and sympathy by the painful contrast between his grotesque appearance and his noble nature.

The real Cyrano was very different. This does not mean that Rostand knew little of his subject. On the contrary, he knew a great deal. But he twisted facts to suit his purpose, as he had every right to do. He was a dramatist, not a historian.

The hero of the play was a Gascon and a noble. The real Cyrano was neither. In point of fact the first member of the family of whom anything is known was Savinien de Cyrano, a man of Sardinian origin, who followed for some time the prosaic occupation of fishmonger. He prospered in his calling, became a notary and purchased in 1582 the estates of Boiboisseaux, Mauvières and Bergerac. These were situated not in Gascony but in what is now the department of Seine-et-Oise, hard by the lands of the Duc de Chevreuse, to whom his son Abel subsequently became *intendant* or steward.

When he was about 45 this Abel married one Espérance Bellanger, who bore him six children, the fourth, Savinien, known to us as Cyrano de Bergerac, first seeing the light in Paris at a house in the Rue des Deux Portes (now Rue Dussoubs) on March 6th, 1619. Cyrano, then, was a Parisian not a Gascon

and so far from coming of exalted stock that a brother and a cousin of his were later fined 300 livres and 3000 livres respectively for unlawfully claiming nobility.

Shortly after Cyrano's birth the family moved out of Paris to the Chateau de Mauvières, where he remained until he was old enough to read. At the age of six his father sent him to get some schooling from a country parson in the neighbourhood. The boy was probably pert and independent, the priest unsympathetic. At all events the dislike was mutual and thus early was laid the foundation of Cyrano's loathing of priests and pedants, which figures so prominently in his works.

He developed, too, an appreciation of the countryside, a taste sufficiently rare in the seventeenth century. This bulks large in his writings, especially in his *Letters*, which, incidentally, were translated into English as early as 1658. He expressed this feeling with a great deal of affectation and literary conceit, following the prevailing fashion of the day, but occasionally something better breaks through the veneer of artificiality. "Although the noise of the forest", he writes, "seems always the same, it is so constantly different that every kind of plant keeps its own, so that the birch does not speak like the maple, nor the beech like the cherry tree". Thomas Hardy, somewhere in his works, wrote almost that identical sentence. Not many of Cyrano's contemporaries could have done so.

For the best part of six unprofitable years, young Savinien stayed with the country priest. Then as soon as he was twelve, the earliest age for admission, his father, either yielding to his importunities or desirous to be rid of him, sent him to the Collège de Beauvais at the University of Paris.

Here again Cyrano did not find himself in congenial surroundings. The great days of the University were past. Pedantry and obscurantism were rife and, a bare decade before, all teaching contrary to that of accepted authorities had been forbidden. Discipline, too, was severe, especially at the Collège de Beauvais, where Cyrano had to attend chapel frequently and eat his meals in silence while a lector read aloud from the Bible. Nor, since many of his fellow students were young sprigs of the nobility, was there any widespread love of study. Moreover, Jean Grangier, the Head of the College, was not a person to

inspire respect. He was a fine scholar, but ribald students sniggered over his amorous intrigue with one of the maids, whom he ultimately married.

Cyrano clearly thought little of him, for it was this dignitary whom he pilloried under the flimsiest disguise in his only comedy *Le Pédant Joué* (*The Pedant Outwitted*). Legend proclaims that Cyrano wrote it while he was still a student and that it was frequently performed. Actually, internal evidence points to 1645 as being the most probable date of its composition, and there is no record of it having ever been staged. For all that, the piece is not negligible. It is chaotic and loosely-knit, but written with considerable *verve*, and one scene—the famous *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère ?*—provided Molière with the best episode of his *Fourberies de Scapin*.

At seventeen Savinien, who about this time took to calling himself Cyrano, left the University and did his best to play the part of a young gallant. But, save for a turn of wit, he lacked the advantages essential to success. His nose, to judge from his portrait, was not the fantastic appendage that afflicted the chivalrous hero of the play. But it was sufficiently prominent to make him claim defiantly in his *Voyage to the Moon* that a big nose was a sure sign of a noble nature. His appearance, in short, was against him. His means, too, were small, for his father, who had been obliged to sell his estates and settle in an unfashionable quarter of Paris, could make him only a meagre allowance. Moreover, though Cyrano frequented the taverns, to which he refers freely, he had no *entrée* to the salons. Indeed, his only titled relative was Madeleine Robineau, Baronne de Neuville, the Roxane of the play. Cyrano's love for her, the mainspring of Rostand's stirring heroic comedy, was fictitious. He makes no mention of her in his works. She was nine years his senior and had been already five years married to Christian at the date of the opening events of the play.

Even Le Bret, his life-long friend and subsequent biographer, was forced to admit that Cyrano's feet were 'set upon a dangerous incline', and he therefore congratulated himself on procuring for him a cadetship in Carbon de Castel Jaloux' company of Gascon guards, a crack regiment which had the privilege of being the first to march into any captured town or fortress.\*

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\*Memoirs of the Chevalier de Puységur.

Cyrano's military career was brief. He was wounded in a sortie from the besieged town of Mouzon. A year later he took a sword thrust in the throat at Arras (where Christian *was* actually killed) and resigned not long after. There is, however, no doubt of his courage. He fought innumerable duels, though, oddly enough, always as a second. Le Bret states this as a fact and Cyrano in one of his letters whimsically remarks: "You would do wrong to call me the first among men, for these months past I vow I have been second to everyone". To us the rôle of second sounds unheroic, but in that period, when duelling was rife, seconds often took as active a part as their principals.

Rostand was right, too, in making Cyrano defend Lignière at the Porte de Nesle, where he killed two and wounded seven of the braves hired by a noble to punish the drunken poetaster for some indiscreet verses. Even Cyrano's action in driving Montfleury from the stage is not wholly unconfirmed. At all events, in the 1694 edition of *Menagiana*, a posthumous collection of the sayings of Ménage, at one time tutor to Mme. de Sévigné, the incident is described, though the victim is given as the actor Mondory of the *Marais* theatre instead of Montfleury of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*.

Neither these deeds of prowess nor recourse to the gaming tables did anything to improve Cyrano's fortunes. Tavern life left him unsatisfied. He was conscious of the deficiencies in his education and therefore jumped at the chance to attend the classes given by the celebrated philosopher Gassendi to his friend Chapelle, in company with the Prince de Conti, Bernier, the future Oriental traveller, and, in all probability, Poquelin, known to us as Molière.

From Gassendi, an Epicurean, he learned among other things, of the hardships inflicted by the Inquisition on the Dominican Campanella, who had written a Utopian book *The City of the Sun*. Cyrano's dislike of the Church was increased by what he heard and intensified further by the decision of his sister to take the veil, and of his brother to train for the priesthood. He saw, too, with hatred the changes in his widowed cousin Roxane, brought about by the rigid asceticism to which she gave herself up. He had no home influence behind him, no religious beliefs, and he never felt the uplifting influence of a real love affair.

Mercenary intrigues he had in plenty. In fact, if a seven stanza poem to Le Bret and the sums promised, but only partly paid to one Pigou, a surgeon, count for anything, his dissipations caused him to contract a disease, the effects of which he never threw off.

Forced by his state of health to renounce an active life Cyrano settled down to write in earnest, producing in 1648 his social satire, *The Voyage to the Moon*. The censorship of the time allowed almost unlimited personal abuse, but it came down vigorously on anything approaching blasphemy. Since some part of Cyrano's work was a parody of the early books of the Old Testament, it is scarcely surprising that it was not published until after his death—and, even then, Le Bret deleted about a fifth. Nevertheless, despite such passages and Cyrano's hazy ideas about mechanics, it is an amusing world to which he introduces us. Verse is the current coin, marriage is eugenically controlled, and the young are under no obligation to show respect to their elders. Cyrano is regarded by the inhabitants, who walk on all fours, as an animal, and when he tries to prove that he is a man by quoting Aristotle and other authorities, his accusers are more than ever convinced of the accuracy of their judgment of him.

*The Voyage to the Sun*, which was begun about 1650 and left unfinished—the M.S. has disappeared—is very similar. But this time Cyrano is charged by the birds who dwell in that region, with the fearful crime of being a man and only saves his life by pleading that he is a monkey. The opportunities for satire are obvious—and Cyrano made the most of them. For the rest, the book, like its predecessor, contains a good deal of striking pseudo-scientific speculation, while the opening pages, in which a parson denounces the returned lunar voyager as a sorcerer, are genuinely comic.

Cyrano was not as original as he claimed to be. He took much for instance, from Lucan, Rabelais, Gassendi and Descartes, just as he in his turn was later pillaged by Swift. Nevertheless, his was a notable piece of work and, even to modern tastes, much of it is eminently readable.

Since publication was out of the question at the time, however, the writing of it brought Cyrano no money. He earned a

little by writing pamphlets first against, and then for Mazarin during the troubled period of Louis XIV's minority. He inherited, too, some ten thousand livres by the death of his father. But this legacy did not last long, and at length he decided to seek a patron.

In his earlier days he is supposed to have refused the proffered protection of Marshal Gassion. Now, his lack of physical strength and especially his reputation as a free thinker made him a less eligible *protégé*. But eventually he found means to commend himself to the Duc d'Arpajon, an amiable but not over intelligent nobleman, whose service he entered towards the end of 1652.

He cannot have relished his position, but there was consolation in his patron's promise to sponsor the publication of his works. The *Letters*, *The Pedant Outwitted* and a tragedy, *The Death of Agrippina*, duly appeared in 1654 in two quarto volumes with a dedication to the duke and a sonnet to his daughter, which reveals in Cyrano a very real poetic talent.

The duke went further and arranged to have Cyrano's *Agrippina* performed at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. His comedy was formless and chaotic. This tragedy on the conspiracy of Sejanus against Tiberius, is written in firm Alexandrines—and is in no way inferior to any of Corneille's lesser plays. Nevertheless, the performance was not a success. The audience, prepared for blasphemies, waited expectantly but in vain for three acts, and then pounced on the word *hostie*, giving it, despite the context, the meaning of 'sacred host', instead of 'victim'. At once, again according to Menagiana, hoots and catcalls arose, and in the next few days the bookseller sold the entire edition of a play which contained '*de si belles impiétés*'.

D'Arpajon, naturally, was not pleased at this *succès de scandale*. He began to treat Cyrano coldly and when, not long after, he was struck on the head by a falling beam, his patron made no enquiries as to his welfare, and Cyrano, as soon as he could be moved, left the ducal *hôtel* for the house of one of his friends, Tanneguy des Bois-Clairs.

He stayed there fourteen months and it was quickly apparent that he would never recover. Le Bret, now in Holy Orders, and much concerned for his friend's salvation, brought his sister,

who had long been a nun, and his erstwhile wordly cousin, Roxane, to visit him. Their assiduities eventually wrung from the enfeebled patient an admission of repentance, but he contrived shortly after to be conveyed to the house of his cousin Pierre at Sannois, where he died five days later (July 28th, 1655) aged 35. Cyrano, then, yielded to a death-bed repentance. At heart he had always been a free-thinker.

Hostile critics dismiss him contemptuously as a dissolute swashbuckler, three parts mad. Others see in him a not inconsiderable affluent to that great stream of French sceptical writing of which the most notable tributaries are Rabelais, Voltaire and Anatole France. The second appraisal is assuredly nearer the truth. Cyrano was certainly a free-liver as well as a *libertin*. But he was something more than a wastrel. His work, most of it written before he was thirty, shows enormous versatility and not a little originality of thought.

Rostand's Cyrano composed his own epitaph. It runs as follows :—

‘ Philosophe, physicien  
Rimeur, bretteur, musicien,  
Et voyageur aérien,  
Grand riposteur du tac au tac,  
Amant aussi—pas pour son bien !  
Ci-gît Hercule-Savinien  
De Cyrano de Bergerac  
Qui fut tout, et qui ne fut rien ’.

A fine passage. The real Cyrano, at first sight, had little in common with this great-hearted hero. And yet, in a way, every line of it is true. It is a matter of interpretation.

## THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON 1889-1939

BY KENNETH ADAM

"If we advance in this way hand in hand, with a daring caution feeling our way, but not afraid to move, seeking the truth, but not afraid to face the truth when we find it—if we proceed without prejudice and without affectation, animated by a single-minded desire to do our best for London, we may live to elevate even this stupendous city; and the population which will come hereafter, unbounded and unborn, may look back with gratitude to this first Council, endowed with powers which seem so great and will seem then so relatively small—and recognize that in this cradle there lay a giant infant, the prophet and soul of a better dispensation that brought a new message of hope and prosperity to the people".

THOSE words, which deserve to be remembered with the great passages of English oratory, were prophetic, more truly so than the man who uttered them could ever have imagined.

They were addressed by Lord Rosebery, from the Chair, to the first meeting on March 21st, 1889, of the newly created London County Council an "assembly of 'Rads' and 'Cads' and 'Fads'", as its opponents had already dubbed it. The Council had, at the very beginning, to face the hostility of a great number of vested interests, and the jealousy of the City of London. Indeed, it was only because of the unbending attitude of the City of London to all ideas for widening and democratizing the Common Council that those who were fighting for the unity of London took advantage of Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Act, which was meant for rural England, and built the County of London round the City, out of bits of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent. It was a hard fight, and a bitter one, and even after an excited member ran out through the lobbies of the House of Commons in the summer of 1888, crying: "We have got all we want. London is to be a county", it went on. The Metropolitan Board of Works, which a Royal Commission had declared to be corrupt, and whose duties the Council was to take over, refused to wrap its mantle around itself and die with

dignity. When the Provisional Council, elected in January, 1889, and due to begin its rule on April 1st, met to elect a chairman and aldermen, it found that the old board, before it ceased to exist, had proposed to modify a very large number of the salaries of its clerks, who were to become the staff of the L.C.C., and to contract, on a very high tender, for the Blackwall Tunnel. Lord Rosebery had an inspiration. He suggested applying to the Government for leave to meet on March 21st, the day before the Board's last meeting. Sanction was obtained, and so the Council marched into the Board's offices in Spring Gardens, off Trafalgar Square, on that day, and proceeded to deal with an agenda drawn up by their predecessors !

The enthusiasm of the first Council, which numbered Lord Avebury (then Sir John Lubbock) and John Burns among its backbenchers, communicated itself to Londoners in general. W. G. Grace even started a London County Cricket Club with a ground at the Crystal Palace.

London very soon had good reason to be proud of its Council, and grateful to it. The majority of the 118 members were Liberals, who called themselves "Progressives". They stood broadly, for one great central municipal authority with increasing powers. The other party, the "Moderates", believed that the first object of a Council was to keep the rates as low as possible, and to that policy, if such indeed it can be called, they clung with great consistency.

The Progressive era, which lasted until 1907, was one of the greatest in the history of London government. Those old Radicals had an ideal of a new London very clearly in their minds, and bit by bit, they realized it. They refused to accept the idea that the social hopelessness of any part of the area under their control was a permanent condition. They challenged the system of unfettered selfishness which had animated the old vestries. Their reforms were conceived in a new spirit of disinterested service, they helped Londoners to new life and new faith.

One of their greatest struggles, and from the point of view of the future, one of the most significant, was over the direct employment of labour. The municipality, they believed, must not debase the industrial currency, so they inserted a fair wages

clause into their contracts. When, as a result, contractors asked absurd prices, the L.C.C. set up a works department to carry out certain projects without any outside intervention. It was a bold experiment. The Moderates were so angry at the idea that contractors' profits were to be cut out, that for years they refused to serve on the Committee at all. But the public organization of labour undoubtedly gave London a new standard of excellence for public works.

The Council quickly developed a minute regard for London's sightliness, helping to preserve what was ancient and beautiful in its buildings and seeing to it wherever possible, that what was new should not be out of place. In fact, the Council became London's *aedile*, the first the city had ever had.

Its Medical Officer of Health, from the moment of the first appointment, became a thorn in the flesh of the landlords. His investigations into the causes of epidemics stirred up nest after nest of trouble. The Council was hampered for some time by having no control over the sanitary authorities, but step by step the landlords had to give ground before a sustained attack on the worst properties, which attracted considerable support from public opinion.

The Council at once accepted joyfully its responsibility for providing recreation and amusement for the people of London. Parks were created out of cemeteries where the coffins had stuck out of the rank grass. In Victoria Park 45 years ago there was established the first *crèche* in London, with a sandpit and a "matron to mother the mites", as a contemporary journalist put it. In Battersea Park the municipal peacock became an object of local pride. Elsewhere there were municipal deer to be fed and petted. The Council's band numbered 110 performers, many of them fine musicians. One of the slogans of the 1895 elections was: "Thanks to the Council: A Green Park, A Good Seat, A Merry Tune".

Technical education in London, when the Council came into existence, was in the doldrums. The City Companies spent £100,000 a year on dining and wining but did little or nothing for the trades whose honourable names they bore. Thanks very largely to the activities of a thickly-bearded, short-sighted young man named Sidney Webb, who was chairman of the

Technical Education Board, the Council revived the system of apprenticeship, developed the polytechnics and instituted evening classes. To the budding housewife it made itself a kind of matron-in-chief, for by 1895, 80 classes were being held every week in laundry work, dressmaking, cookery, hygiene and nursing. So the foundations were well laid for the time, early in the new century, when the Council was to take over the duties of the London School Board and became, at a jump, one of the biggest education authorities in the world.

It was in those early days that John Burns proudly styled himself a "bread-and-butter" politician, and the watch which the L.C.C.'s bowler-hatted inspectors, carrying their mahogany boxes with scales inside, kept on weights and measures in the shops and markets, meant a great deal to the women who bought their tea by the ounce, their coals by the penn'orth and their butter by the ha'porth.

It was the L.C.C. who set up the ice-men, with their brooms and their cork belts and their sea-boots, to guard the ponds on the heaths and commons when they were frozen and everyone was out skating. (Those were the days when winters were still seasonable).

It was the L.C.C. who re-organized the fire-brigade, and turned out the famous, or infamous Captain Shaw.

It was the L.C.C. who made the dossers' squalid kens into respectable lodgers' kitchens, where a clean bed and a red fire were to be had for fourpence.

It was the L.C.C. who abolished Boundary Street, that open sore of a slum, in whose blind alleys and narrow courts 373 of every 1,000 children born died before they were three.

It was the L.C.C. who set precipitation works at the sewage entrances to the Thames, and by preventing 200 tons of solid filth from entering the river each year, compelled "Punch" artists to abandon their traditional conception of "Father Thames" as a mud-stained monster with hands and beard dripping with foulness.

It was the L.C.C. who bought and ran a fleet of trim little steamboats on that cleaner river.

It was the L.C.C., at its Feltham Industrial School, who not only turned hundred of lads who had got into trouble into

honest sailors and farmers and cobblers and carpenters and tailors, but laid the basis of the modern, nation-wide system of probation.

It was the L.C.C. who abolished Bedlam and gave back to the word asylum its old, fine meaning, so that their great building at Claybury became not an institution of brutal repression, but a palace of help for sick minds and bodies.

These and other reforms made a splendid record. As London grew, public spirit and enterprise developed, *pari passu*. Then, after nearly 20 years of opposition, the Moderates, or Municipal Reformers, as they were now known, won an election. To an intensely and widely creative period, there succeeded one of comparative stagnation, and it lasted for 27 years. It was a sad thing for London, but the Progressives had to some extent brought their downfall upon themselves. They were stale. The first flush of reforming zeal had passed. They had had their own way too long. Too many of them were M.P.s, and in the divided allegiance it was London that suffered. The things they did cost money. The "M.Rs." fought and won on a single issue—economy.

Nor, once in, did their policy prove much more positive than their election addresses. Statutory duties were carried on at a minimum cost, but attempts to grapple with the rising problems of health and housing and education were spasmodic and half-hearted. There was one shameful occasion when the Board of Education fined the Council £10,000 for failing to arrange for an adequate reduction in the size of its classes. (The maximum, by the way, was 60!). Money rates were low but death rates were high. The war years gave the "M.Rs." a good excuse for doing as little as possible. After the 1919 elections the situation was unaltered, except that Labour made its first appearance as a separate party. The "M.Rs." still greatly outnumbered both oppositions, and the cheeseparating continued. With such a comfortable majority they could afford to be indifferent to the urgency of slum clearance. Even the building programme which started Becontree, the dormitory town in Essex, was only undertaken under combined pressure from the Government and the opposition parties in the Council. Those were years when London lost a good deal of its municipal self-respect. Its

citizens cared little how they were governed, or by whom. The Liberals were in decline. Labour was still suspect, and not without some reason, for some of its spokesmen used wild and whirling words, and few of them had any practical experience of administration. Alderman Emil Davies has a good story of a colleague of his from Shoreditch with a stentorian voice who at his first Council meeting solemnly assured his hearers that he had fleas in his house "as big as elephants"!

With the emergence of Herbert Morrison, however, the London Labour Party began to count as a force in local politics. That was because Morrison, as secretary of the party, set his stamp upon it. Efficiency and reasonableness are perhaps his two outstanding qualities; the permanent officials at the Ministry of Transport will vouch for the one, and his political opponents will attest to the other. Those two qualities made a solid fighting unit of a queer collection of individuals, ranging from Bloomsbury intellectuals to East-End artisans.

Morrison himself, with his unmanageable quiff of hair and his mobile mouth that is always on the point of breaking into a cheeky grin, is unmistakably a Cockney. And he is proud of it. His father was a policeman, and a Tory! He himself is a product of an elementary school at Stockwell which he left at 14 to become an errand boy. Afterwards he became a grocer's assistant, and "lived in", so that his only free time was before 8 in the morning and between 8 and 11 at night. Yet the greater part of his wage of 10/- a week went in buying books—Marx, Wells, Shaw, Blatchford. He read them in a "Lockhart's" over a cup of coffee, or in the small hours in an icy bedroom over the shop. His sense of orderliness was satisfied when the grocer made him his window-dresser, but his reading had awakened in him a desire to do other things, and he joined the Socialist party. He spoke at street-corners, at one in particular in Pimlico within ten minutes walk of the shop, but his employers never found out, though people talked about his soapbox speeches and came from distances to hear them. Eventually, after being employed as a telephone operator in a brewery and a circulation representative on the old *Daily Citizen*, he took the job as secretary of the Labour Party in London at a pound a week, and his life work had begun.

Victory only came after years of patient, tireless work in building up the local organizations. And even then it came sparingly, in isolated triumphs at by-elections. Gradually one borough after another came to elect a Labour Council, and the representation of Labour in the L.C.C. increased until it was the principal opposition. Morrison got into Parliament, became the first Minister of Transport to hold Cabinet rank, fathered the amalgamation of transport services which resulted in the London Passenger Transport Board, but all the time he was planning, organizing, inspiring Labour in London until at last, in the spring of 1934, it marched to a clear majority at the polls. And an ex-errand boy became the ruler of London.

The Council in which Labour assumed power was a much more important body than the Council in which Labour had first appeared as an opposition party. To take only one instance, it had become responsible for administering all forms of poor relief, which meant taking over the duties of 30 authorities and the services of 26,000 persons. And the Labour party itself was very different after fifteen years of service. Its members had mastered the procedure of County Hall, and they had learned to play their part in the inconspicuous but vital routine of committee work. They were a trained, competent majority, and they proceeded to interpret the mandate which had been given them to go ahead in an enlightened spirit which would have delighted the hearts of the old Progressives, whose spiritual heirs they were. Perhaps the most striking proof of the liveliness of the new *régime* was the way in which London municipal affairs once again became "news", no newspaper could afford to neglect the regular audiences which Morrison gave to reporters. The permanent employees themselves responded to the fresh impetus of civic feeling. I like the tale of the woman who was examining a flower-bed in one of the parks, and who asked the park-keeper: "Do these flowers belong to the primula family?" "No, ma'am" was the reply, "they belong to the London County Council".

Morrison and his men entered on the laborious task of clearing the slums, which hitherto had only been nibbled at, with the excitement of crusaders. Comprehensive development schemes were undertaken in the East End. Giant blocks of flats, worthy

to be set beside the achievements of Socialist Vienna, have arisen in the most crowded areas, on Hackney Marsh, for instance. Elsewhere overcrowding has been abolished by the swift provision of housing estates. To-day the L.C.C. is the owner of nearly a million and a quarter dwellings, and even the pressing calls of rearmament on technicians and other workmen are not being allowed to interfere with the progressive solution of the housing problem.

The Green Belt, linking of chains in the building of worthier schools, and especially, perhaps of nursery and open-air schools, the vast improvement in the municipal hospital service, with its corps of specialists and its units of particular treatment, the administration of public assistance with consideration alike for those who receive and those who pay, are among the things which the L.C.C. has done since 1934, or is doing, without any sign, at present, of that fatal complacency which has been the pitfall of so many municipal reformers in the past.

To me the most attractive side of the present administration is its humanity. I remember being particularly struck by the grant which was made very shortly after Labour first came into office, in 1934, of a quarter of a pound of sweets or an alternative allowance of snuff every week, to those who were resident in L.C.C. institutions. It cost little, but I think it meant a great deal. It meant that the Council looked upon itself not as an impersonal administrative agent but as a living instrument for adding, in small ways as well as large, to the happiness of Londoners. I know that is Herbert Morrison's conception of the way it should function, because he has told me so. He believes that aldermen and councillors everywhere are no less important to the social and domestic well-being of the general public than Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament, that apathy is the worst of sins for the citizen, that municipal elections are not just a scrap between rival politicians but touch great human issues, that town government is not an official abstraction but a living instrument of collective action against poverty and ignorance, dirt and ugliness, and that its duty is to serve rather than to rule.

There is a great deal still to be done in pursuance of these ideals. But sooner or later they are bound to be brought

sharply up, against the limitations which are an integral part of the present constitution of London's government. The recent shelving of the bill to tax site values in the L.C.C. area shows how easy it is for Parliament to intervene in what are really parochial matters. London needs the right to govern itself wholly, and if they are to do the job properly which they have set themselves, London's Labour Government must be prepared to lay siege to Westminster to get it. The County of London still has fewer rights than the County of Rutland. It must go cap in hand to Parliament for the right to spend its money, and it is the only local body in the country that is subject to such rigid control of its capital expenditure. Only the other day London had, reluctantly, to shelve the Bressey plan for remaking its road system to cope with modern traffic, because, although elsewhere trunk roads get a 100 per cent. grant from the Road Fund, inside the County the grant is only 60 per cent., and to go ahead with the scheme on that basis would have meant an extra 4d. rate for a period of 30 years.

Parliament has been responsible, too, for granting one charter after another to districts that properly belong to the metropolis. There are 28 Town Halls in the L.C.C. area, each with its own jealously guarded interests, and ready to combine only to oppose the extension of the central body. In addition, half the eight million Londoners live outside the L.C.C. boundaries altogether.

The river Thames does not belong to London but partly to the Port of London Authority and partly to the Thames Conservancy Board. The water supply is the concern of another Board, Transport to yet a third. Public services which in other municipalities are centralized, such as gas and electricity, are in the hands either of the boroughs or of private companies. The City of London and the Temple cling to their ancient privileges, and retain a separate existence as historical monuments in the midst of what should be an orderly entity.

Sooner or later, the L.C.C. has got to face the problem of a "Greater London". Sooner or later, we may expect to see "Home Rule for London" plastered on the hoardings and debated at the hustings as the issue of the day. It may well happen that this question, when he is prepared to face it, will make or break Herbert Morrison's reputation as a civic statesman.

## THE "AXIS" IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY N. P. MACDONALD

**A**LTHOUGH the process has been going on for some years, the increasingly vigorous attempts at political and economic penetration on the part of the Berlin-Rome Axis, Germany and Italy, in South America appear only recently to have attracted official attention in Great Britain. Yet, for the past five years, both of these States have been fighting inch by inch not only British but United States trade in the ten republics of the Southern Cross; combined with their anti-Communist campaign with its resulting efforts to discredit British and United States democracy, Germany and Italy aim at obtaining natural resources vital to their prosecution of a successful war by undercutting the trade of other nations in the Latin-American market, and the expansion of the world frontiers of authoritarian forms of government.

Anglo-American investments in South America total ten billion dollars, or two-thirds of the entire foreign capital invested in the 10 republics. Not long ago the United States were ousting Britain in the South American market, but to-day Uncle Sam has joined John Bull in retreat before the political and economic onslaughts of the Anti-Comintern triangle.

Not unexpectedly, Germany is the most persistent of the two States in her efforts to attach the South American countries to the somewhat unsteady Axis chariot. Those parts of the continent where there are large German settlements naturally come in for close attention in Berlin. Prominent among them are Argentina with an estimated German population of 100,000, and Brazil with ten times that number.

Staunch adherents of the National Socialist *régime*, the Germans in Argentina are superior to their fellow-immigrants from Italy, Spain and Poland. Seldom working as labourers they are for the most part of the artisan class, while there is a

sprinkling of them in the professions. Few are real settlers, since most of them intend eventually to return to Germany, a fact which makes more easy their conversion to National Socialism.

It is not surprising that the various methods by which the German people are watched and controlled by their rulers have been extended to their compatriots overseas. Nazi party ceremonies in Buenos Aires are always well-attended, while all German institutions throughout Argentina have been purged of "non-Aryan" elements. Any German exhibiting anti-Nazi tendencies is kept under close and constant surveillance; the writer knows of a Buenos Aires suburb where several Germans have been driven out of business by their compatriots solely on account of their political opinions.

Germans mix more easily with Latin Americans, both in business and socially, than do the British and Americans, and this fact, coupled with a widespread dislike of Communism in Argentina, has led to something of a pro-German feeling in that country. The army, in particular, is attracted by German military traditions, and several officers are now undergoing a course of training at Potsdam.

Facts such as these have been reflected in trade. German exports of cars to Argentina exceeded those from Britain for the first time in 1936, and to a greater extent the following year. The German "Eifel" Ford is doing much to displace British light cars. Aided by uneconomic railway freights, especially from the Westphalian coalfields, and by export bounties, German exports to Argentina rose from 86,000 tons in 1936 to 200,000 tons in 1937, British coal exports from South Wales rising only 15 per cent. in the same period.

In contrast to this German activity British importing houses, many of them of long standing, are disappearing, while English shops grow steadily fewer. A recent contract for rainwater drainage works in Buenos Aires, which was worth £3,500,000, was awarded to Germany although it might well have been secured for Britain.

There have been Germans in Brazil since 1843, and to-day they number more than 1,000,000. In the south of the republic especially in the states of Santa Catharina, Parana and Rio

Grande do Sul, the population is almost entirely German in origin, townships having German mayors, councillors and police. Coloured servants have been known to be required to learn German in order to understand their employers, and time was when Brazilian judges, arriving at German towns to dispense justice, have been politely welcomed and thereafter told that their services were not required.

Latterly, however, the Brazilian Government has been obliged to take severe measures against Germans in Brazil, amongst whom the Nazi gospel was being preached with ever-increasing fervour by emissaries from the Fatherland. The average Brazilian, who possesses a highly-developed political sense, was affronted by the too obvious importation of alien ideologies; activities in Brazil of the German Secret Police were condemned in Congress as "a crime against Brazilian sovereignty," while yet greater indignation was caused by the order from Berlin that all Germans, whether Brazilian-born or not, must report at the nearest German consulate to be registered for military service, reprisals being threatened against those who refused to do so.

Despite these political differences, however, trade relations between Germany and Brazil have become increasingly close in recent years. Aided by the compensation marks trading system Germany has become an important customer for Brazilian coffee at a time when that product badly needs buyers. Since the Nazis came to power in 1933 the German "drive" to capture the Brazilian market is accurately reflected in trade figures; imports from Brazil rose from 69,000,000 marks in 1933 to 186,000,000 marks in 1937, while exports to Brazil, which were 77,000,000 marks in 1933, had risen to 177,000,000 marks by the end of 1937. Germany has displaced the United States as the principal exporting country to Brazil, and she is to-day the largest customer for Brazilian cotton.

Germany's investments in Brazil have increased with her trade. Nickel in Goyaz, oil in Riacho Doce, mines in Parahyba, and 523,000 hectares of oil-bearing land in Matto Grosso, have been secured by German concessionaires. It is reliably reported that Thyssen is showing great interest in mining territories in São Paulo, it having been asserted in a secret

report to German industrial leaders that iron-ore mines in Southern Brazil are far richer than those at present being exploited in Europe, and that they should at once be developed by German interests.

Chile bids fair to be the scene of further Nazi plotting in Latin America, the 25,000 Germans in that country forming a useful nucleus for the spreading of Hitlerist trade and political propaganda. The latter, needless to say, is being intensified as a sequel to the election in Chile of South America's first Popular Front President.

In pre-war days Britain was supreme in Chile's foreign trade, and in the immediate post-war era the United States occupied first place. To-day Germany has displaced North American trade, and the United States and Great Britain are second and third respectively in the amount of trade they do with Chile. Chilean purchases from Germany rose from 52,900,000 pesos in 1935 to 91,600,000 pesos in the following years. In the same period United States trade rose by only 6,000,000 pesos, while British trade declined by 11,000,000.

Bolivia has close links with Germany, many officers in the army being of German origin. To Ecuador Germany has offered three scholarships for officers to be trained at Potsdam; in that country, also, a sidelight on the extent of Germany influence was provided by a recent decree that all Jews except those engaged in agriculture were to leave the country at 30 days' notice. For Venezuela Germany has offered to build two destroyers, while Colombia is credibly reported to be negotiating with the Third Reich regarding purchases of oil by the latter.

German trade with Paraguay has shown surprising increases of late years. Paraguayan imports from Germany in 1936, amounting to 1,900,000 marks, were double the figures for 1935; in the first quarter of 1937 German imports totalled 760,000 marks compared with 440,000 marks for the corresponding period of 1936. During 1936 Germany bought Paraguayan goods to the value of 2,700,000 marks, an amount which in the first quarter of 1937 showed an increase of 50 per cent.

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Such, in brief, are some of the outstanding points of German political and economic penetration in South America, a process

which has as its aim the objective that inspires Nazi policy in Central and Eastern Europe—the creation of a group of political and economic satellite States with the double purpose of supplying Germany with raw materials and of acting as pawns in the campaign which Berlin is waging against Great Britain and the United States at numberless points throughout the world.

And, of course, Italy acts in concert with the Third Reich. Italian penetration in South America depends greatly for its success on that part of the continent's population of 110,000,000 which is of Italian extraction; it is estimated that there is Italian blood in at least 15,000,000 of the populations of the 10 republics, a total much larger than the entire Italian populations of the modern colonies of Rome together.

As in the case of Germany, Italy's foreign trade has become a political instrument and government monopoly, a fact of which full advantage is taken by Rome in her relations with the South American republics. Aided by diplomatic and consular representatives Italian trade in these countries is growing fast. The guerilla war waged against British trade since the early '20s was intensified at the time of the Abyssinian crisis, when Rome took full advantage of the severe economic strain which the application of sanctions imposed on many of the South American republics. Generous terms were promised to all States repudiating sanctions, and Italian exporters quoted prices so low that they were able to capture markets in which hitherto they had been unable to compete with British manufacturers. In particular, Fascist instructors have gained a hold on military, naval and air establishments in the different republics, supplying arms, munitions and military aircraft at ridiculously low prices. Air and military missions have visited many of the republics, to whose inhabitants they have offered scholarships at Italian military academies.

Italian propaganda has on various occasions been active against the conclusion of any meat agreement between Britain and Argentina. Fascist efforts to oust British goods in Argentina have lately been intensified. Benefiting from a large subsidy Italian woolecloths were able to challenge the British product for the first time in 1937, when tinplate from

Italy, never previously exported to the River Plate, was introduced at a price five per cent. below that of the British equivalent. Formerly British goods were alone in their exemption from the 20 per cent. import surcharge imposed in Argentina, but Italian imports now share this privilege.

In Argentina the population is almost 35 per cent. Italian in origin, there being 500,000 Italians in Buenos Aires alone. Señor Manuel Fresco, Governor of the province of Buenos Aires, is known to have Fascist sympathies, and he has publicly praised Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini as the "saviours of Europe". He is rumoured to have built up the nucleus of a storm troop body under the guise of athletic clubs in all the key towns of his province, in which lives a quarter of the total population of Argentina.

With Brazil Italian relations have long been close, although they are to-day clouded by the suspicions universally held throughout Brazil that Fascist support from Rome contributed to the outbreak last May, evidence of which was subsequently provided by the fact that one of the rebel leaders sheltered for weeks in the Italian Embassy at Rio. Nor was friendship with Rome encouraged by the discovery that Italian priests recently arrived in Brazil had placed the vaults of their churches at the disposal of the rebels for the storage of arms. Nevertheless, wounded Brazilian feelings have recovered sufficiently for them to order from an Italian shipyard two 20,000 ton passenger liners and four smaller motor-vessels, to be paid for with Brazilian raw materials.

A trade agreement between Rio and Rome, which was signed in 1935, did not fulfil Italian hopes of correcting the balance of trade between the two countries, which remained favourable to Brazil. Consequently a further agreement early in 1937 provided that Brazilian exports to Italy were to be covered entirely by Italian exports to Brazil.

Italians are particularly numerous in the progressive Brazilian state of São Paulo, many of them working on the coffee plantations. Not infrequently, by dint of hard labour, they have risen to own their plantations. As in other parts of South America many of these Italian settlers are violently anti-Fascist ; they are, nevertheless, patriots, and anxious to see the interests

of their motherland furthered, and since Italy does not, wisely, emphasize in South America the missionary nature of Fascism she benefits from the presence of these settlers, who do not live in separate colonies, as do the Germans, and can therefore the more easily spread pro-Italian propaganda.

Chile, a country where Italian machinery finds an excellent market, is regarded with particular favour by Rome, since the Chilean Government was foremost in proposing the abolition of sanctions in 1936. Italy recently offered to exchange two of her modern 10,000 ton cruisers for nitrate and other concessions, and Italian aircraft works secured the best part of a recent Chilean order worth £2,500,000.

Peru, however, is the most obviously under Italian tutelage of any of the South American States, a fact of which delegates to the recent Pan-American Conference at Lima were made unpleasantly aware. The *Banco Italiano* is responsible for more than fifty per cent. of the banking business transacted in Peru, and in close relations with the government, which is under the guidance of General Benavides, a fervent admirer of Signor Mussolini.

Italian investments in Peru are estimated at more than £20,000,000; officers of the *Ovra*, the Fascist Secret Police, are training the local police, while Peruvian cadets are receiving military education in Italy. The Caproni aircraft firm has lately established an assembling factory for Italian bombing 'planes in Peru, among other buildings erected for this purpose being the largest hangar in South America. The Italians have financed this venture against the proceeds of aircraft sales.

Fascist influence is also prominent in the Peruvian press. Local Italian banks request the publication of Fascist propaganda material in return for large paid advertisements, with the result that screaming headlines proclaim: "Italy Holds Major Records in Aviation", and "Mussolini the Peacemaker of Europe". *El Comercio*, the wealthiest paper in Lima, not long ago published an appeal entitled "For the Cultural Empire of Fascist Italy", which announced that "Rome, with Mussolini, is at the head of a new civilization, a renaissance of the old and glorious civilization that led the world before and is to lead the world again". It proceeded to appeal

for recruits for a "great cultural league, which has already been joined by half a million intellectuals throughout South America," and suggested that a "great international Latin cultural congress" should meet at Buenos Aires to place Rome, by the unanimous vote of the Latin nations, at the head of the Latin cultural world.

In Ecuador Italian instructors are training the air force, while in Venezuela an Italian artillery mission has been making recommendations for army reform. Throughout Latin America, in the countries where Italian activities have not been described as much as in those where they have, Fascist propaganda is being carried on through the press, and in books, interviews and dispatches from Rome. The fact that many more Latin Americans understand Italian than they do German makes the wireless programmes from Italy especially important.

Neither Germany nor Italy spare any effort to cultivate the friendship of South America. More attention is paid to the lands of the Southern Cross and their peoples in the Berlin and Rome press than in the British. A fact made much of in German and Italian propaganda in South America is that both Nazi and Fascist politics, and those of South America, are based on personalities rather than parties, although to the Catholic heirs of Spain and Portugal some aspects of German and Italian religious and racial policy can hardly be welcome.

The comparative emptiness of Latin America in relation to German and Italian desires for expansion should be the subject of grave study in Great Britain and the United States. No colonial adventure in South America would, of course, be possible, but Berlin and Rome might well acquire substantial economic concessions in that continent, which might give them the further opportunity of claiming extra-territorial rights for their interests. In the event of any conflict in Europe they would thus, if they did not ensure a supply of necessary raw materials for themselves, have done much to hinder the supplies of such materials to Great Britain and the United States.

Great attention is being paid to German penetration in Central and Eastern Europe, but too little to the activities of the Axis in South America, whence we draw a far greater proportion of our food supplies than could ever be sent to us from the Balkans.

## EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

**U****neasy**  
**Switzerland** THERE is no piece of news more significant than that Switzerland has felt obliged to extend the term of compulsory military service. This means in the first place that, twenty years after the League of Nations was established, international guarantees have slumped badly. In 1914, and thereafter, the Swiss were uneasy, yet throughout four years of European war their neutrality was respected. The League's declared purpose was to extend the range of such guarantees and to give them an added sanctity ; but within twenty years we have all seen these guarantees set aside, even when, as in the most recent case of Czechoslovakia, they were strengthened by separate obligations of Great Powers. To-day the Swiss feel even less secure than after the European War had broken out ; incomparably less secure than in the years of peace before it. Consequently, now, in time of peace, this unaggressive nation prepares for what it regards as a desperate resistance.

It is probably true that Switzerland, though three-fifths of its people are German-speaking, was never so anti-German in feeling as to-day. The tie of language and of blood is actually a cause of apprehension lest they should be claimed for inclusion in a Pan-German order which they detest. Yet at the same time Switzerland is touched by unrest, caused by the example of the dictatorships. Democracy to-day is the Conservatism of Europe, and young men naturally revolt against Conservatism. They see the dictatorships directed by the vigour of young men, while in the democracies, as in the English trade unions, no one has authority till he is a veteran. It is characteristic of democracies, as it is of trade unions, to be jealous of personal power, and Switzerland, the extreme type of democracy, carries this jealousy to a point scarcely matched even in the Constitution

of the United States. They have an army, in many ways first-rate; but they have no general. They are not allowed by the Constitution to have one except when there is general mobilization; and then he must be elected by the parliament—not named as in England, by the Government. Even now, when they are increasing the military burden, they have no central military authority to unify organization. From this lack arises discontent with the existing order—almost equal to what there is in England.

But the preparation for resistance is a grim reality. It is probably argued in Switzerland, as it is argued, for instance, in Poland, that, had the Czechs set their teeth, refused to listen to reasoning and resisted, they would not have been left to resist alone: France and England would have been forced by public opinion to support them, and Russia would have followed. The conclusion among the Poles and probably among the Swiss is that in matters of the national existence, desperation is the only course. *Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem*. Foredoomed in advance, as they might seem to be, if a clash with Germany should come, they hold that if this clash is avoided it will be because Germany knows that they will resist to the last. Their only natural defences lie in the Army, and it is said that schoolboys out of their pocket money, and cabmen out of their meagre earnings, subscribe to buy machine-guns and present them to the regiment of their choice.

**Foci of  
Resistance**

On the whole, Poland is perhaps less uneasy than most of the other States that have a powerful and ambitious neighbour. The question of Danzig seems to be settling itself. Czechoslovakia begins to look to Germany for protection against Poland, against Hungary, and perhaps against the separatist tendency of the Slovaks. An interesting article in the *Revue de Hongrie* for February analyses the differences between these two partner peoples—naturally with a desire to show how much happier the Slovaks would be with Hungary. But it admits that Slovakia had a sentiment for Germany which, to put things moderately, the Czechs did not share, and consequently that in order to hold the Slovaks to them, Czechs

must show great good will to the dominant power. Indeed the Czechs, a people of shrewd realists, have neglected no opportunity to prove their acceptance of the *fait accompli*—on the German border. To the East, there is still friction with Poland ; to the south on the Hungarian border, something like a state of guerilla war. This is a point of danger since Hungary is Italy's client, and Poland's friend. War could not break out here without disturbing the relations of Berlin and Rome. But since it is to the interest of both Berlin and Rome to preserve close concord while the Mediterranean question remains to be settled, we need expect no more than bickerings along the Danube. Larger issues approach a critical point with General Franco's assisted victory in Spain.

There are those who think that this victory if it becomes complete will throw great chances to the democracies. If Franco becomes master of Spain, he will need, before all, **The Spanish** money to re-equip the country. The dictatorships **Question** have provided him with the margin of military **Mark** strength necessary to victory ; but his gratitude may very well be directed towards financial favours to come—which are only to be had from the democracies. The same observers hold, however, that Mr. Chamberlain missed his chance to utilize the one form of superiority which he possessed when he did not buy up Rumania's wheat and oil, but left those to go to Germany, on terms of a recurring barter, which establish a lasting trade connection. It is probable also that both in France and England there would be resistance to the financing of such a State as General Franco would direct ; democracies are not all so practically opportunist as the Czechs have learnt to be. In time of peace they work all right ; in time of war, they are formidable and tenacious. But in such a period of manœuvring for position as the world now lives in, they are dreadfully handicapped ; and it is not only in Switzerland that the young men complain of irresolution ; nor is it only the young men who complain.

There is, however, one matter on which the British democracy would do well to stiffen its upper lip. Jews and Arabs are in

Conference with British ministers on the question of Palestine ;  
**The Tactics** and the chief argument on the Arab side appears  
**of** to be the existence of a powerfully organized  
**Violence** campaign of assassination and sabotage. On the  
 other side are almost every conceivable consideration of humanity  
 and expediency ; and of sentiment as venerable as any in the  
 world. If the British democracy desires that every Jew for  
 whom land can be bought, or for whom work can be found, in  
 Palestine should have leave to go there, it has a right to decide  
 that leave shall be given. Whatever arguments may be urged  
 against such a course, those from the threat of violence should be  
 set aside. The best answer to extremists would be to bring in a  
 hundred more Jews for every fresh bombing.

Similar actions by which the name of Ireland is being disgraced,  
 have up to the present been only a degree worse than  
 contemptible. Yet the reactions produced may be judged  
 when Colonel Wedgwood, one of the sincerest friends that Ireland  
 ever had in the British parliament, calls for steps to send back  
 home many of the Irish who have found hospitality in Great  
 Britain. Mr. de Valera will see his policy thwarted and the  
 interests of his country gravely damaged by an organization of  
 which he has always been too tolerant, and whose recent threats,  
 followed by these exploits, he had not until recently thought  
 proper to condemn. Ulster will take note of that fact  
 joyfully, in so far as Ulster is opposed to Mr. de Valera's hopes  
 of re-union.

\* \* \* \* \*

The death of Yeats will have moved all who care for English  
 literature : to Ireland, it is a landmark for his own generation—  
 now passing off the scene—and perhaps two generations that  
 have succeeded it. What was felt about him by  
**The Passing** of those who were at the age which discovers poetry  
**W. B. Yeats** has been expressed by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, a  
 man of letters who served the revolutionary movement in  
 Black and Tan times, and then became a leading member of  
 Mr. Cosgrave's ministry. In a letter to *The Irish Times* he  
 wrote his appreciation of the poet who had " opened to us the  
 soul of our country like a book ".

"The great poets of every generation have spoken with particular meaning and intimacy to those of their own race; but when that race is so submerged by another that it has lost even its distinction of language, then the main body of poetry that its people experience is steeped with the thought and tradition of the dominating race. It was in such circumstances that the discovery of Yeats's work came to us—not only as a thing of all-enveloping beauty, but also bringing with it an emotion that one who has long lived in complete exile might feel at the sight of a fellow-countryman among the foreigners surrounding him. Yeats came, bearing what is enshrined in the racial memory, and gave it to us swathed in the beauty that only he could give".

Some hope was expressed that Yeats should be given a tomb in St. Patrick's, so inextricably associated with Swift's memory—a memory which powerfully moved Yeats's imagination; and the present Dean promptly welcomed the suggestion. But the poet who in his later life dwelt much on thoughts of "custom and of ceremony" had planned matters with a finer fitness. He willed that his remains should (after a temporary interment at Roquebrune) be brought back to be laid at Drumcliff, in the graveyard of the parish where his grandfather was rector. Partly, this marked his wish to identify himself with the Anglo-Irish world in which the Protestant gentry ruled Ireland—and in so doing, to draw the Protestant elements of the Irish people closer to his own nationalism. But other reasons were in the choice. Drumcliff graveyard is by the road which leads along the shore of Sligo bay, commanding a landscape of mountain and landlocked sea water not surpassed even in Western Ireland. Close to the road rises one of the Celtic crosses, shaped and sculptured a thousand years ago, a thing of rich beauty and significance. Behind the graveyard rise the slopes of Ben Bulbin where in the Ossianic saga Diarmuid met his death from the tusks of the magic boar by Finn's treachery; opposite, across the blue water is Knocknarea on whose top a vast cairn of stones commemorates Maeve, Queen of Connacht, one of the leading characters in the earlier cycle which centres about Cuchulain. All this was mythology and legend that Yeats had revived in modern verse for the Ireland of his day.

His preoccupation with the question of funeral and interment will appeal to an instinct deeply rooted in the Irish. Possibly

the last letter that he wrote (it only reached Ireland after his death) was addressed to the widow of Mr. James MacNeill, the second Governor-General of what was then the Irish Free State. Yeats explained that, owing to his absence from Ireland, the news of MacNeill's death had only just come to him ; he offered tribute to one who had served Ireland by his wisdom and his charm ; one in whom he himself had lost a friend. If that little wreath of words came late, it was not the less valued ; and I am glad that Yeats should have raised himself from the advancing heaviness to put them together ; for the tribute went to a great gentleman. All that MacNeill did was done quietly, and the honours paid to him were all in keeping with that quietness. One who was present described to me the scene when his body was brought home from London where he died, to the landing-stage at Dunleary. All railway whistles were muffled ; a small group of friends, Mr. Cosgrave, chief among them, stood waiting ; it was a dead still night in December, and out of the dark the mail boat emerged silently, and glided to her berth with no sound but the wash of water against the piers. No passenger or seaman was to be seen ; but the coffin rested there, alone, on the upper deck. Then a gang-plank was slipped into place, and the company of mourners filed on board silently, to receive what was brought in with so fine an instinct for the fitting.

Yeats would have approved the dignity of it. He has enjoined that his own interment in Sligo shall be private ; and certainly all common ostentation of mourning should be kept away. But nothing that can be devised will prevent Ireland, when that day comes, from some expression of respect and sympathy.

Within living memory no Pope has died so widely regretted as Pius XI ; and surely it must have meant much to his own far-flung household that the head of their Church should be everywhere recognized and honoured as a man among men. At the time of his election it was sympathy that he had been an alpinist ; men respect those who love the bright eyes of danger and can find their exhilaration in a sport which inflicts no pain. Another

Pope  
Pius XI.

fraternity rejoiced, for scholarship makes a widespread bond, and every scholar knew that a man of real learning had been chosen for that high place; even the most erudite palæographer liked to know that a man who could match him on his own ground and had matched the best athletes on rock face or glacier, now sat on the throne of St. Peter. These things humanize that remote and isolated dignity. It seems natural but none the less glorious that a man, so rich, so broad in sympathies should reconcile the old feud between Church and State at the very door of the Vatican.

But there matter for rejoicing ended, and in the general attack on freedom the liberties of the Church were threatened. Wherever the threat came from, Pius XI. never spoke for his Church only; he spoke for Christianity and humanity, and at many moments his voice sounded like the voice of Europe's civilization. One thing was never heard in it. As his death could be seen approaching, danger for all that he defended grew more imminent; but never at any point did their come from him a hint of surrender. Little things can be significant; and to anyone who knows Ireland it will seem strange that the town council of Downpatrick in the most Protestant county of Ulster should have risen to pass a silent vote of respect to the Pope's memory. A Pope who brings that to pass has done something for Christianity; for it is hardly too much to say that the tribute was paid to him, *although* he was the Pope.

From his own side in Ireland a touching story reaches us. When a Pope had to be chosen, the wizened old Cardinal Logue, born in a Donegal Cottage, made great friends (for he also was erudite) with Cardinal Ratti. Both complained of the long delay. "I have a housekeeper that knows everything I like", said the Donegal man "and I am wearying to get back to a decent cup of tea". "And I am thinking all day about my Library and the books waiting to be read" said Ratti. At the end, when choice were made, and Cardinal Logue, already bent almost double, stooped to kiss ceremonially the gown of his friend, the new Pope put a hand on his shoulder: "You will get back now to your housekeeper and your cup of tea; but I shall not see my Library again".

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## THE POETRY OF W. B. YEATS

By B. IFOR EVANS

All the obvious things about his verse have already been said, how in youth he was Pre-Raphaelite, and how in his later poems he exercised all the early rhythms, the early decorations and wrote verses, taut and bare, but strangely beautiful and luminous. His tolerance for younger poets may still disguise how different was his work from the dominant schools in England, and how immeasurably greater his achievement.

The early verses belonged to the eighteen-nineties, to the Rhymers' Club, and the company of Arthur Symonds, Dowson, and Lionel Johnson. It is the fashion now to despise those early graces, and Yeats himself moved beyond them. The fault lies not in the poems themselves, but in the fact that they have been heard too often. Would not even 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' have a captivating beauty, if one could come upon it for the first time? From the London of the eighteen-nineties, Yeats turned to construct with Lady Gregory and Synge an Irish theatre, almost a new Irish literature. This is the part of his career which later criticism will possibly criticize most closely. His talent was probably too lyrical for drama, and at times the movement, except in Synge, suffered from self-consciousness. But they were

happy years. This work for Ireland at least gave him the experiences which made up the background of many of his later poems. With the strife in Ireland, both during and after the European war, he was driven back upon himself, knowing that the tradition he represented would be lost, whatever might be the strife's conclusion. His triumph lay in converting that bitter change into a verse which, like Swift's prose, defies imitation or description. For its elements are simple, but the effect has a craggy strength :

Though the great song return no more  
There's keen delight in what we have :  
The rattle of the pebbles on the shore  
Under the receding wave.

In the later volumes, *The Wild Swans at Coole*, *Michael Robartes and the Dancer*, *The Tower*, and *The Winding Stair*, will be found the verses in which this later perfection is reached.

His prose is as memorable as his verse and interprets it. Foremost, he was an artist, and a mystic, with the mysticism kept subservient to his art. 'Ireland', he once wrote, 'has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations ; no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one

looks into the darkness there is always something there'. From the first he had vision, though some of the things he saw in the darkness may appear dubious in daylight. But the best in his mysticism he had found in Blake and Shelley, employing it in an original way, to break up the world of science and commerce, the things 'seen, touched, measured, explained, understood, argued over' which were as nothing to the invisible life. He believed that man's life was spiritual, and that in certain symbols it could discover itself. In one of his most revealing memories he writes: 'I am very religious, and deprived by Huxley and Tyndall, whom I detested, of the simple-minded religion of my childhood, I had made a new religion, almost an infallible church out of poetic tradition; a fardel of stories, and of personages, and of emotions, a bundle of images and of masks, passed on from one generation to another by poets and painters with some help from philosophers and theologians'.

Poetry in our time in England has lost contact with tradition. It has suffered a terrible restriction from its subjection to politics, and its oppression by ugliness. The poet in England has felt that he must somehow convert contemporary circumstance into verse using, as Yeats once suggested, Paddington Station rather than Tristram and Iseult as a theme. What the artist has suffered from the materialism of the commercial world Yeats knew well: 'Puritanism', he once wrote 'had denied the sacredness of an earth that commerce was about to corrupt and ravish'. Once he wrote that Boccaccio and Cervantes belonged to the same world: 'It is we who are different . . . They had not to deal with the world in

such great masses that it could only be represented to their minds by figures and by abstract generalizations. Everything that their minds ran on came to them vivid with the colour of the senses and when they wrote it was out of their own rich experience, and they found their symbols of expression in things, that they had known all their life long.' With whatever modifications Yeats continued that imaginative life which he discovered in Boccaccio and Cervantes. He refused to be 'preoccupied' that defect which he found in modern poetry. When most contemporary verse is forgotten he will be remembered as part of the great tradition of English poetry. Even in the inwardness of his later verses, and their stress, beauty remains, however changed, sterner, purified perhaps, but complete in its integrity:

Never had I more

Excited, passionate, fantastical  
Imagination, nor an ear and eye  
That more expected the impossible—  
No, not in boyhood when with rod and fly,  
Or the humbler worm, I climbed Ben  
Bulbin's back

And had the livelong summer day to spend.  
It seems that I must bid the Muse go back  
Choose Plato or Plotinus for a friend  
Until imagination, ear and eye,  
Can be content with argument and deal  
In abstract things; or be derided by  
A sort of battered kettle at the heel.

He had himself described how he looked at the medal given to him by the King of Sweden as part of the Nobel Prize award. On it he found a decorative, academic design of a young man listening to a Muse, and he adds: 'I was good-looking once like that young man, but my unpractised verse was full of infirmity, my Muse old as it were; and now I am old and rheumatic, and nothing to look at, but my Muse is young'. If English poetry is to recover

from its present infirmity, it may be by the study of Yeats' Muse that the restoration will come.

**THE HISTORY OF THE TIMES.**  
**Vol. II. : THE TRADITION ESTABLISHED, 1841-1884.** Written, printed and published at *The Times* Office. 15s.

This is both a history of *The Times* and the times between 1841 and 1884. As such it is a valuable new source for the secret background of many public events. These often possess an almost startling topical flavour, such as the question of British neutrality in three major wars. The main theme has an even closer relevance ; it deals with the independence of the Press. The story of *The Times* during forty stirring years of the nineteenth century is concerned with the future of newspapers of all degrees—we might think with the future of democratic institutions ; but we should be wrong if we assumed such a conviction to be universal.

In truth the Press has always been feared and not uncommonly hated. It is bound by its nature to upset many applecarts. There is only one *London Gazette*. All unofficial news sheets must contain disclosures inconvenient to Authority or to individuals. The liberty to publish such matter without malice or seditious intent constitutes the freedom of the Press.

The sturdy figure of John Thadeus Delane dominates the book, in spite of the consistent effort of its authors to show that no single Editor ever was in fact *The Times*. The story of his resounding newspaper successes—often unforgettable services to the country,

as in the Crimea—is not all new but more than bears retelling. The reprisals of Authority, and the paper's reactions, are largely new and wholly piquant.

Then, as now, the Press was frequently in possession of information sealed to the general public. Until the death of Palmerston *The Times* alone had access to the most important confidential sources. Its consistent policy under Delane was to publish immediately what it knew. That inevitably brought the paper into hot water. Queen Victoria enquired "whether it is right that the Editor, the Proprietor and the Writers of such execrable publications should be the honoured guests of Ministers of the Crown". The Prince Consort thought the paper "wicked". Lord John Russell spoke of its "dangerous omnipotence". Clarendon wrote that "as one cannot horsewhip Delane & Co. the best way is to go on not minding them".

To all this Delane replied by appealing to public opinion. He hailed the charge of publishing an official secret as a compliment. "The first duty of the Press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and, by instantly disclosing them, to make them the common property of the nation".

Well might the Queen resent the exercise of "an anomalous power". This could not exist, however, unless the public was behind it ; and that must still be the journalist's justification. Delane built up the anomalous power by an immense journalistic capacity and by complete independence of Ministers and parties. He was incorruptible ; he was fearless ; and he knew what the country was thinking. But he was

careful to insist that a journalist is not a statesman. His function is different. His responsibility is not less grave; it exists in proportion to his freedom. A hard saying: not yet assimilated, and part of an unfinished polemic.

The temper of the book—written anonymously by members of the staff—is wholly admirable. It is shown that Delane was often wrong in his judgments; sometimes mischievously wrong. His change in a night from hostility to support of Palmerston is left unqualified by euphemisms. Internal difficulties and the competition of rivals are discussed with an astonishing frankness. Relations of Proprietor, Manager and Editor throw light on the unwritten Law of the Constitution of newspapers. Illustrations and typography witness no less than letterpress to the efficient co-operation of a Team.

W. THOMSON HILL.

### THE RISE OF ITALIAN FASCISM. by

A Rossi. *Methuen*. 15s.

This is a most interesting and straightforward account of Signor Mussolini's rise to power. Every democrat and especially every labour leader in this country should read and study it before appearing at any further conferences. For, outstanding above all the details of the internal history of Italy leading up to the march on Rome, is the fact that Fascism does not and cannot conquer a country until its labour and democratic movement *has first defeated itself*.

How this happened in Italy is the most important feature of this book. Time and time again the reader is arrested, as the story unfolds, by incidents, statements and decisions that seem familiar to our own political

history. Parties stand revealed as slaves to time-worn slogans. Leaders fear responsibility and dare not put their theories to the test of practice, orators thinking words more important than deeds. Situations change and they, who by virtue of their history and power over masses, ought to change equally quickly in order to direct events, chant the decisions of congresses, rules and regulations, and swear eternal fidelity to the glorious aims of the Movement.

Thus the record runs. Italy emerged from the war with a broken-down economy and a vastly disillusioned population. The Government was no longer able to govern as before. The discontented workers flocked into the labour organizations. A great strike wave swept Italy, as in this country, in those memorable years. All the circumstances of the time cried aloud for the Socialist and Labour leaders of Italy to lead the movement to the conquest of the powers of the State. The Turatis of the Socialist movement thought that the capitalists should be left to clear up their own mess. Others wanted a pure socialist revolution according to the pattern in the books.

A pitiable disintegration ensued, in which the masses of the people, and especially the workers of the factories who had time and again shown their willingness to go forward, became sick with hope deferred. Only then emerged the Fascist reaction, mobilizing every prejudice, stirring every passion and harnessing every discontent without regard for programme or promise, fighting for power. It succeeded because organizations and parties formed and nurtured in more placid times had become fetters upon their members and made them incapable of

quick decision and dynamic action. It succeeded because their leaders had become complaisant, or utopian, incapable of leading what had become a life and death struggle of society.

A. Rossi has described the process most effectively and analysed it thoroughly. The account of Signor Mussolini's political metamorphosis and the evolution of Fascism must make every reader think deeply on the value of any "Gentlemen's Agreement" which bears the signature either of Signor Mussolini or anyone who subscribes to his creed.

But of this we already know much. Fascism whether of the Italian or German brand relates all questions, whether of home policy or foreign policy, to the issues of power. On this, the author does not tell us anything new. The chief value of his book to British readers lies in its grim recording of the disastrous confusion in the ranks of socialism and democracy which made so ghastly a triumph for reaction possible. The author is an ex-communist who feels it necessary to hand out a few knocks to his erstwhile colleagues, but these are quite incidental to the book and do not overshadow the greater issues which he has discussed and described admirably.

J. T. MURPHY.

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**UNCLIMBED NEW ZEALAND**, by John Pascoe. *Allen & Unwin*. 16s.

Many books have been written on climbing at the Antipodes, from W. S. Green's classical *The High Alps of New Zealand* to Freda du Faur's remarkable *The Conquest of Mount Cook*, but Mr. Pascoe's long-awaited study is the first effort by one of the younger generation to explain what

New Zealand offers the modern mountaineer. And Mr. Pascoe is peculiarly fitted for the task in that he possesses unique practical experience of his territory combined with a faculty for terse and humorous exposition. "Peaks wooed with patience are only won by quickly grasped opportunity", he says, and the tight-packed sentence is typical of his excellent style.

Mr. Pascoe's method is to introduce the reader to New Zealand in a short chapter or so, then improve the acquaintance by means of concise accounts of his own exciting climbs, and finally to seal the friendship by several chapters on sidelines, humorous, tragic and otherwise, of Antipodean mountaineering. In the second category I particularly commend the description of Mr. Pascoe's traverse of Mount Evans after unsuccessful attempts on three consecutive years. This has the epic quality of Himalayan misadventure. In the final category I like the chapter dealing with the New Zealand associations of Samuel Butler, who located his *Erewhon* in Mr. Pascoe's very mountains. "As soon as I saw the mountains", wrote that sturdy philosopher when he had climbed the Rangitata valley from the Canterbury Plains, "I longed to get to the other side of them". Then there is a stirring dissertation on crossing snow-rivers :

With my pack strapped on I began the crossing. Unfortunately the river had swept a deep hole in the line which I took. The pack forced me under the surface of the water gut. The river forced my hands from the rope. I hurtled down in the current. The pack held me under. Two hundred yards downstream the river curved. Struggling blindly I was spewed into a shallow. Bruised and sodden I gulped for air, till Chester ran down and dragged me to the bank.

Similar diversions deal with alpine huts and bivouacs, alpine names, keas, relief expeditions, benightments and bushrangers. I think the chief fact emerging from Mr. Pascoe's study is that New Zealand possesses as many attractions for the genuine mountaineer as the Swiss Alps, and, with cheaper and speedier world transport, may eventually become the favourite sporting playground of the British Commonwealth. Mountaineering in New Zealand is cheaper than a holiday at Margate, and so far this sturdy young country has refrained from building hotels on alpine peaks with all the hideous concomitants of Continental *tourisme*. New Zealand has some 223 named peaks of 7,500 feet or more, and the Southern Alps have no fewer than seventeen peaks over 10,000 feet. The snowline is remarkably low: "Although Mount Blanc is 3,000 feet higher than Mount Cook, the European snowline is 3,000 feet higher than the snowline of the Southern Alps. New Zealanders, therefore, begin their 'climbing' from a lower altitude".

For New Zealand mountaineers themselves, Mr. Pascoe's book has great technical value in that it contains the first account of climbing on the Waimakariri and Rangitata headwaters. For the general reader the whole book, illustrated by Mr. Pascoe's superb photographs, should constitute a memorable experience.

DONALD COWIE.

**WEST COUNTRY**, by C. Henry Warren.  
*Batsford. 8s. 6d.*

A man who writes such a book as this is faced with a double task. For *West Country*, like so many volumes from the house of Batsford, is a book

published between pictures; and he who writes the matter that fills the intervening pages has not only to write a good book, he has to write a book good enough to hold his reader's attention from the distraction which the pictures present. With the average book which carries photographic illustration, it is customary for the reviewer to devote all his space to the written word, adding a note at the foot to the effect that the photographs "well maintain the standard of the text". No such attitude can be adopted with the present volume, and indeed it is no slight to Mr. Warren to suggest rather that it is he, in this case, who has maintained the standard set him by the pictures. West Country in the sense here used includes Somerset, Devon, Cornwall and the Scillies, but not Dorset and Wiltshire which are, after all, Wessex rather than West, and deserve and are to be given a volume to themselves. West Country to Mr. Warren means Cheddar Gorge and the inverted arch of Wells Cathedral; the great house of Montacute and the turrets of St. Michael's Mount; the wide view from Dunkery and the sea breaking on the rocks of Tol-Pedu; in fact all the great and splendid things which are the three counties' just pride. But wisely also West Country in this book means the quieter, everyday things: sheep being driven down a twisting Devon lane; the fishing boats in Mevagissey Harbour; and evensong in a Somerset village church. Of all this Mr. Warren writes with an affection and knowledge none the less real for not being that of a west countryman born and bred. The visitor whose understanding is acquired may not know as much as the man who has lived in a county for the greater part of his life;

but the visitor, because he sees with unaccustomed eyes, will often be better able to describe to others the delights that have caught and held his fancy. My only quarrel with Mr. Warren as a writer on the three counties of the west is that he is not, at least on the showing of this book, a lover of moorland. When he is dealing with thatched village, Somerset valley, Scilly flower garden or snug Devon field he is in his element. But Cranmere in the heart of Dartmoor he calls a "dull, small puddle in a dull, large bog". Indeed he calls it Cranmere Pool, which is much the same as saying Mount Ben Nevis or Yes Tor Hill. A man who thinks that Cranmere is a dull puddle just thinks so, and that is the end to it; no amount of explaining will tell him the magic of the lonely water. But if he feels like that about it he is missing half the character of the West. The West Country is only in part a land of pretty villages, rugged coastline and well-farmed valleys. The rest of it is moor—Dartmoor, Exmoor, Bodmin and the rest. And it is from the moors that the counties get their strength, the harder purpose that underlies their summer smile. However, the photographs fill the breach in the text, and there are some notable views of stone circles near Princetown, of Bennett's Cross near the Warren House Inn and of the bubbling waters of the infant Dart.

GORDON WINTER.

THE RISE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP, by Lionel M. Gelber. *Oxford University Press.* 16s.

Britain and the United States may often misunderstand one another to-day but both countries do in fact act on the assumption that they will never be at or

near war with another, and that if one of them is at war with a third State the other will be at the very least a not unfriendly neutral. It is therefore difficult to recall the days when Anglo-American relations were still in a stage when a third war between the United Kingdom and the United States was a political possibility. Mr. Gelber's very thorough study of Anglo-American relations between 1898 and 1906 brings out clearly how the two countries emerged from that stage.

The turning-point was Secretary Olney's stern note to Great Britain in July, 1895, regarding the Guiana-Venezuela boundary dispute. If Britain had acted in relation to the United States as she almost certainly would have acted in relation to any other Great Power, she would have bitterly resented Mr. Olney's statement, arising out of a dispute in which America was not directly concerned, that "to-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition". That Lord Salisbury's Government was willing to submit to this American ultimatum, and to accept in February, 1897, the American demand for the dispute to be submitted to arbitration, was evidence of the desire of the British Cabinet at all costs to avoid serious friction with the U.S.A.

That desire, and it alone, smoothed the way to a settlement in the following years of two awkward issues outstanding between Britain and the U.S.A. itself—the Panama Canal Question and the Alaskan Boundary. The U.S.A. was in no compromising mood. It was determined, no matter what the cost, to secure the right to build itself, and to

control, an isthmian canal, and to demarcate a boundary between Canada and Alaska mainly favourable to itself. While the Secretary of State chiefly concerned, John Hay, was very friendly to Britain, and the President, Theodore Roosevelt, not unfriendly, the latter would never have allowed his Administration to accept anything but a distinctly pro-American settlement of these disputes. And, even if the Administration had been willing to accept a more equal compromise, the Senate, which cheerfully rejected many of Hay's treaties, would never have done so. The British Government had to submit to almost every demand of Theodore Roosevelt and of nationalist Senators in order to secure an agreed settlement of these issues. It had even to allow the arbitral body set up to pass upon the Alaskan boundary issue to act in a distinctly improper way. Not merely was the U.S. allowed to appoint to the Arbitration Commission partisan politicians instead of the "impartial jurists of repute" called for by the relevant Treaty, but the British Government brought strong pressure on its own chief appointee to the Commission, Lord Alverstone, to get him to vote with the American members, and contrary to the strict legal justice of the case, so as to secure a majority for that award which the U.S.A. had all along been determined to secure. So marked was this tendency for Britain to go out of its way to meet American demands that the Canadians, whose boundary was being demarcated, naturally felt aggrieved, as they have so often done when the United Kingdom was acting for them in disputes with the U.S.A. For the Mother Country so obviously felt that in the last resort it was more important to please the U.S.A.

than to secure the best possible terms for its own Dominion.

Great Britain secured, however, her reward. The only issues which might have led to really grave friction between Britain and the U.S.A. were thus got safely out of the way. The United States, which was then just beginning to play a really active rôle in world affairs, was able to do so free of the former tendency to regard Great Britain as its chief rival. Both in Europe and in the Orient a tendency developed for Britain and the U.S.A. to feel a very special community of interest, and to act upon independent but parallel lines. American diplomatic support was of great importance in the Moroccan crisis of 1905. And the way was thus paved for American help in the Great War, help which it would have been much more difficult to secure if Anglo-American relations had remained in the twentieth century as frigid as they so often had been in the nineteenth.

Mr. Gelber's book is, therefore, of great interest, and can offer much of value to the student of contemporary Anglo-American relations, anxious to know how to conciliate the U.S., and secure the maximum aid from it, as well as to the professional historian.

FRANK DARVALL.

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**HISTORY OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE**, by Bernard Bevan.  
*Batsford.* 21s.

This is the latest volume in the "Historical Architecture" series, and is a general survey of Spanish Architecture down to the beginning of the 19th century. The author's object has been to record present knowledge, and not to solve mysteries or settle disputes.

The result is a solid, readable book which is likely to retain its importance for a considerable time, notwithstanding the amendments which will be necessitated by the present war. Although there exist many detailed studies of certain aspects of Spanish Architecture, and of particular buildings, this is the first extensive general survey to appear in English for nearly ninety years.

Spanish Architecture is a complex subject. Not only did Christian and Muslim influences combine to produce the Mozarabic and Mudéjar styles, which are peculiar to Spain; but the purely Christian styles were transformed by the same conflict—a conflict of temperament and geographical situation as well as of religion. The resulting architecture is difficult to classify, and Mr. Bevan has accomplished this task with clarity and without recourse to generalizations. An interesting diagram shows the incoherence and overlapping of styles; and the splendid illustrations give a good indication of their complex beauty.

The Visigothic remnants, a great field for theories and arguments, are the subject of a straightforward account which gives due importance to the horseshoe arch. It is not generally realized that this was much used in Spain, in construction as well as for decoration, long before the Muslim invasion. There are also excellent chapters on the unique Asturian churches of the ninth century, those sanctuaries of the defeated Christians who rallied at last with their backs to the sea; and on the neglected castles. Contrary to popular opinion, castles in Spain are substantial and numerous. Many were built, not to harry the Moors, but to dominate the big feudal estates;

and though fallen into disuse they have lacked a Cromwell and are not destroyed.

A sound historical knowledge, well woven into the narrative, helps to make the book clear and readable throughout. Unfortunately the fine buildings here described are not proof against artillery or air attack, and many of the place names will be familiar from accounts of recent battles. What will remain when the war is over? A careful, learned work of this kind cannot be read at the present time without a feeling of sadness.

PAUL PETTIT.

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**PERFIDIOUS ALBION — *Entente Cordiale*.** By Geneviève Tabouis. Translated by J. A. D. Dempsey. *Thornton Butterworth*. 12s. 6d.

**CAN CHAMBERLAIN SAVE BRITAIN?** By Colin Brooks. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 7s. 6d.

**ANTHONY EDEN.** By Alan Campbell-Johnson. *Robert Hale*. 15s.

Madame Tabouis brings a Gallic clarity to her exposition of the relations between England and France. The traditional enemies are brought together by the emergence of a new Germany. France fears her because she is a potential, and has been an actual, invader. England fears her because she threatens British supremacy on the seas and in the world of commerce. The French have very definitely the notion of revenge. Their subtle, but strong, diplomacy encircles Germany and for a considerable time remains effective.

Yet, as Germany's re-occupation of the Rhineland reveals, except for the direct defence of his own country, no French conscript will ever march

eastward towards the Rhine. France has created the demon which she sought to exorcise.

The complaint that the Foreign Office is too pro-French has been made often before. To some extent it justifies Mr. Colin Brook's eloquent denunciations of "Edenism". For, politically, Mr. Eden is the child of Lord Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain. He carried on Sir Austen's work at the Foreign Office, and to the last days of his life the older statesman approved all that the younger man was doing.

But Mr. Eden was at the Foreign Office for little more than two years. The Hoare-Laval Pact made a mockery of sanctions, even before Mr. Eden kissed hands upon his appointment as Secretary of State. In good time he brought sanctions to an end, and if he failed to satisfy Signor Mussolini by ejecting the Ethiopian delegation from the League Assembly of 1936, he was encountering the determined opposition of Mr. W. L. Jordan, the delegate for New Zealand, who very properly insisted that the Ethiopian venture was a menace to the Imperial communications. It was vitally necessary for India, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa that the new policy of collective security should not break down. Unhappily, that policy was already frustrated.

Surely Mr. Eden hates the Communist menace quite as much as Mr. Colin Brooks. What compelled him at last to take a strong line was the fundamental honesty of the Conservative mind. Mr. Eden had sought to "neutralize" the war in Spain. Again and again the Germans and the Italians broke their word. On such terms there could be no agreement. It is Conservative

straightforwardness—not the Communist defeatism derided by Mr. Colin Brooks—which has driven Mr. Eden to the back-benches, the Duchess of Atholl to a bye-election and the *Yorkshire Post* into opposition to the Munich agreement.

Discontent with Munich has made many thousands eager to follow Mr. Eden's lead, if and when he chooses to give one. The time is, therefore, opportune for a biography, even though Mr. Eden's career has by no means gone full circle. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Alan Campbell-Johnson's biography is a happy production. It is hastily written. It is far too long. It concerns itself too much with the *minutiae* of Parliamentary debate. It stands in the way of a well-considered essay. Mr. Johnson is a Liberal. Mr. Eden, as Mr. Johnson has no difficulty in proving, is a Conservative. But he does not answer the absorbing question: will the career of Mr. Eden reflect the imposing career of Gladstone, for long the hope of stern, unbending Tories? It is unlikely. There is, for one thing, a profound difference in stature. Gladstone baffles to this day. The honesty of Mr. Eden is like a rock. Rocks are sometimes impediments.

J. GLORNEY BOLTON.

**THE HOLY TERROR**, by H. G. Wells.  
*Michael Joseph* 8s. 6d.

**THE SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS**, by  
Ignazio Silone. *Cape*. 8s. 6d.

**RABBLE IN ARMS**, by Kenneth  
Roberts. *Collins*. 9s. 6d.

I do wish Mr. Wells would follow the example of his character Piecraft and weigh himself down with lead. Piecraft used to bounce about the ceiling with-

out this extra anchorage. Had there been no ceiling he might have floated away into space, a practice followed regularly by his creator, Mr. H. G. Wells. The explanation for these Wellsian flights is simple. After presenting a picture of contemporary world chaos, he will leap a hurdle or two in Time, and give you another outline of world chaos, which will exist, perhaps, twenty or thirty years later. After that, he warned, you can depend upon Space being tampered with, for Mr. Wells is asking himself *whither*?

In *The Holy Terror*, we are shown how a dictator could evolve in the society of England to-day. Rudolph Whitlow captures the leadership of the Popular Socialist Party from the fat and ineffectual fascist, Lord Horatio Bohun. He becomes Rud, the Common Man, leading the Common Man. And his policy is Common Sense. During this stage of his evolution he is interesting. It is when he controls hundreds of aeroplanes, talks to his World Marshal, over a thousand miles away, with the casual air of a person making a local call, or commands the destruction of a few thousand souls with as much passion as if he were ordering a filleted skate from his fishmonger, that you start expecting the advent of a space gun or the inevitable *whither*?

In the author's own foreword is stated: *so far as the writer may judge his own story, it seems to begin on earth somewhere in the nineteen-twenties, but it goes on and on unrestrained, into the years to come.*

Europe to-day might well be called *The School for Dictators*, which is the title of Ignazio Silone's new book. Mr. W., accompanied by Professor Pickup,

tours Europe to study totalitarianism at first hand, as a preliminary to a White House *putsch*. Mr. W., whom I imagine to be a real square-jawed thug from the Middle West, has all the intolerance for any form of liberalism and democracy that is essential in the paranoiacal make-up of a dictator.

The book is written in the form of dialogues, in which Thomas the Cynic, an exile in Zurich, usually has the last word. There is information in these dialogues on aspects of fascism that tend to lie hidden under the corpses and pogroms of everyday life under totalitarianism. Silone, apart from being an accomplished theoretician, worked from 1925 till 1928 inside Italy as a militant communist. His arguments, which are obviously postulated by Thomas the Cynic, are for this reason an important contribution to the theory and practice of socialism.

The American War of Independence is the theme of *Rabble in Arms*. It was this "rabble in arms", flushed with success and insolence", as General Burgoyne described the American troops before Boston, that eventually was to win the decisive battles in this epic struggle for liberty. Narrated by Peter Merrill, the story of the crucial years, from the retreat of the ill-equipped and disease-ridden "rabble" from Quebec in 1776 to the capitulation of Saratoga in '77, reads like a piece of contemporary reportage.

Mr. Kenneth Roberts seems to have spared no efforts in his assembling of facts. It is to be regretted that as a result of its merits as a narrative alone, one gets the impression, now and then that the history of America's grim and bloody struggle was ever-so romantic.

MAX WOOD.

**WHAT HITLER DID TO US**, by Eva Lips. *Michael Joseph*. 12s. 6d.

**I MARRIED A GERMAN**, by Madeleine Kent. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

Here are two important books. The excellent objective studies which have come out on the new Germany have not given one much idea of what exactly happens to the liberal, cultured, enlightened, and truthful man in the Third Reich. That question is answered clearly in both these books which support each other with alarming fidelity. They give a day to day account.

Julius Lips was the Director of the Museum of Ethnology at Cologne, an internationally known anthropologist. He was not a Jew—nor politically inclined. He was simply a scientist engaged in the exploration of facts, and devoted to the ideal of truth based on facts. When Hitler came to power he insisted on preserving his integrity. To preserve integrity in the Third Reich means risking your job, your life-work, your money, your position, your daily and nightly peace. Lips was asked to support the Nazi race theories. He refused. What happened to him and his wife is the theme of this thrilling and fascinating book.

Lips was brave. But most men are not brave. We imagine that England will never go Nazi, that she will never stand for pogroms, hooligan violence, and naked militarism. But Naziism is far more than that. It is the suppression of truth. It is the inauguration of the Lie as the chief means for consolidating power. This is possible, and indeed easy, anywhere. For when punishment in the shape of physical disaster is the ruler's weapon, it is found that men are not brave.

Eva Lips tells how, right and left, the intellectuals betrayed their integrity, towed the line, did what they were told by uneducated men in uniform. This could happen in any country the moment Democracy really goes—and it is only afterwards that nations learn how much is involved in the suppression of thought and opinion.

Madeleine Kent reveals the same thing with appallingly similar illustrations. Hers is a still better book, still more brilliant, and being the work of an Englishwoman, more penetrating. She tells, even more forcibly, the truly frightful tale of espionage which goes on in Germany, officially and unofficially—neighbour against neighbour, sister against brother, working off their spite in the name of patriotism, in the name of the Fatherland. Madeleine Kent gives a full account of Germany from 1931 to 1936. Her husband was not a hero, only a member of the Social Democratic Party—a wordy and weak crew who admittedly could not save the fallen Germany from the Allied bullies. (Only a bully can deal with a bully; a fact known to Hitler when we were strong, not realized by us now that we are weak). In the course of her narrative she makes a number of penetrating remarks on German psychology and its difference from ours, and upon German women and their difference from ours. We may learn much, both about Hitler and German women, from the following story. A woman's son, aged sixteen, was flogged to death by Storm Troopers for being too mild a Leader of some undernourished Hitler Youths. The frantic mother wrote a bitter letter to Hitler. He replied by sending her a wreath as big as a table and a few lines in his own handwriting, saying—"I weep with

you for this young martyr to Germany". She was consoled and proud.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

### MISCELLANEA.

**BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY**, by Maurice Bruce. Discussion Books No. 45. Nelson. 2s.

For those who like their intellectual food reduced to the essential proteins this series is admirable fare. Mr. Bruce, a Lecturer for the Cambridge University Board of Extra-Mural Studies, is chiefly concerned to give us historical perspective. Tracing the growth from the Tudor period through Cromwell of that naval supremacy which had made any foreign policy possible at all he has the candour to recognize that Great Britain has sought "security" as much as any Continental Power—and that, in time of peace, the talk of Britain influencing the balance of power is largely poppycock. British interests, i.e., "necessities of policy" require that this country shall constantly play her part in European affairs, as all the great nineteenth-century statesmen from Castlereagh to Disraeli appreciated. The 'big idea' of diplomacy by conference, however—which the author eulogizes—is surely only characteristic cant designed to disguise that participation. Mr. Bruce likes to delude himself that there is especial virtue in the League's "mediatory functions"—as opposed to a system of society such as our French neighbours have expected of Geneva. That he should share in the 'great illusion' of millions of our fellow-countrymen does not detract from a competent piece of work.

**DIPLOMACY**, by Harold Nicolson. Thornton Butterworth. 5s.

Designed as no more than a text-book

this study of *res diplomatica* is as illuminating as it is discerning. The English language, with its usual *abandon*, uses the same word to describe the two entirely different actions of policy and negotiation: actually, it is only the latter which should properly be called diplomacy. The author's phrase (in a previous book—*Peace-making*, 1919) "the art of negotiating agreements in precise and ratifiable form" is still the classic description, and, that being so, the case for leaving negotiation to the professional is unanswerable—whatever may be the value of that personal contact which is so dear to the inexperienced politician. The book throws light into all the dark corners of a subject that is still largely unknown country, with its own rules of the road. Mr. Nicolson's analysis of the differing types of diplomacy,

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French, German, Italian and British, particularly, is brilliant.

**MEDIEVAL PANORAMA**, by G. G. Coulton. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

Packed into this book of over seven hundred pages is the story of the English scene from the Conquest to the Reformation. It is a memorable achievement and the fruits of great scholarship, for there is no one whose study of the Middle Ages has given him so comprehensive an understanding of the lives of the people of those days, as that displayed by Dr. Coulton. Dr. Coulton's name has been known for many, many years to historians, and, for a historian, to a wide circle of admirers besides, yet nothing he has written has had a greater value than this book, which will make five exciting but comparatively obscure centuries abound with life for all who care to read. Dr. Coulton embarks on his great task in the spirit of one who sees a great demand from "the intelligent reader—professional or business man or artisan, who has some leisure for quiet and thoughtful browsing" for "weaving the threads into historical tapestry" and he offers his volume to the public as "the sort of scaffolding which the author would have been very glad to find before him fifty years ago". We can at least thank him, by proving that it is the sort of 'scaffolding' which will be of immense and lasting value to us now.

**NINE SHARP AND EARLIER**, by Herbert Farjeon. *Dent.* 6s.

Many of these light verses will be familiar for, although appearing in print for the first time, they have been sung for many months, and until

quite recently, at the Little Theatre, London, in Mr. Farjeon's revue, 'Nine Sharp'. Those who wish, and they will be many, will be able to renew acquaintance with the manageress of the Talbot Arms, who tries "to keep the tone up"

"I've a smile that cheers and a voice that charms

Our visitors when they phone up ;  
A very good class we cater for  
In tweeds and aquascuta  
That don't disgrace our antlers or  
Our sporting prints or pewter".

*Songs of the B.B.C.* are another of Mr. Farjeon's specialities :

"He sat upon canoodlin' sae successfuller  
There's never been a babby in the B.B.C."

Miss Anna Zinkeisen supplies the decorations, her strong line drawing being delightfully in keeping with the sparkle of the text.

**G.P.O.**, by E. T. Crutchley. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

This is number one of a new series of books dealing with English Institutions, which Lord Stamp is editing. Other volumes in active preparation deal with the *City*, *Shipping*, and the *Church of England*, so the Post Office can feel rather pleased with itself for having got first use of the wicket in a strong batting side. Mr. Crutchley treats his subject with sympathy and understanding. He interests his readers, straightaway, not by starting a long historical discourse—that comes later—but by plunging them into a conducted tour of "the machine in action" at Manchester. Then come the historical chapters, to be followed by a more detailed description of every branch of a most important service. The standard of illustration is high, picturesque and instructive.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.*

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Wherever you go in England, as in other crypto-democratic countries, you will be sure to come across the view, expressed or unexpressed, that "politics" are a nuisance—or an evil. Such a view arises from the fact that most of us for one reason or another are, in Professor Laski's words, "obstinately enfolded within the sphere of private interest". Yet, since, the community-life on which we live, move and have our being, is essentially *political*, there is no more urgent need than a constant education in citizenship in this sense.

In THE FORTNIGHTLY this month both the foreground and background of this immense subject, the nature of the *res publica*, are illuminated by some notable articles. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., contributes a forthright criticism of the present manifest shortcomings of our democracy: and his conclusion is that, so far from politics being "dirt", as is commonly said—or even a trade—it must be regarded as an exalted calling, a sacred trust. Independent Member for the Mossley Division (Lancashire) in the first post-war Parliament and since 1931, Austin Hopkinson is himself the best example of the political free-lance. Although nominally a supporter of the 'National' Government, and essentially a Conservative, he gave up the party Whip last

autumn and also a position in the Advisory Council of the Ministry for the Co-ordination of Defence rather than be associated with its dismal incompetence. Many will have heard of his action in the early post-War years in handing over the family business to the employees on a co-partnership basis (retaining a connection as salaried manager). He has written two notable books on the subject of the place of the workers in the community: *Hope of the Workers* (1923) and *Religio Militis* (1927). Austin Hopkinson is also an amateur flying enthusiast.

Political health in a deeper sense is the subject of the two following articles. Professor Ernest Barker is among the leading authorities on sociology to-day. His plea for a more substantial and self-contained localism through genuine community centres is surely unanswerable, and he does well to present to the English public the work of the American writer, Lewis Mumford, on *The Culture of Cities*. Ernest Barker is, of course, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge and a Fellow of Peterhouse. He is so well known that we shall not attempt to give a list of his honours and publications.

Hilaire Belloc in a characteristic thoughtful paper, indicates the fundamental conditions of a healthful polity, pointing out the consequences for

culture of that 'revolt of the masses'—against the middle-class dispensation of which Jose Ortegy Gasset wrote.

Finally, a useful study of fifty years of London's local government is supplied by **Kenneth Adam**, one of the most valued journalists of the younger generation.

The searchlight of THE FORTNIGHTLY plays, as last month, upon the outstanding topics of the time. We are privileged to publish the view of one of the leading Churchmen on the present law and practice in the appointment of Bishops. **Rev. H. Maurice Relton, D.D.**, has been Professor of Dogmatic Theology at King's College, London, since 1925. He is the author of numerous publications and papers on religious and social questions.

**George Pendle**, who sketches ably the present situation in Rumania, is a young businessman whose work requires him to travel frequently in Central and South-Eastern Europe. He contributed a notable article on the Dictatorship in Greece in November, 1937. **Frank Singleton**—who writes on the ever-fascinating subject of money—belongs to a slightly younger generation. He went up late to Cambridge—after a

period of journalistic experience on a local newspaper in Bolton—becoming President of the Union and Editor of *The Granta*. He is on the staff of *The Spectator*.

Germany has recently been showing her naval flag to some effect, and we have asked a new contributor to explain her purpose. **Frank Clements**, transferred from the active to the emergency list of the Royal Navy as a Paymaster-Lieutenant in order to take up a literary career, served on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean and the Vice-Admiral Commanding, Reserve Fleet. While in the Navy, he specialized in the study of foreign languages, particularly German. He knows the language and the country intimately, and spent much time there while preparing for his interpretership examination. He has travelled widely on duty and on leave. He has contributed short stories with a Naval or sea background to *Cornhill* and *Blue Peter*.

**W. Horsfall Carter** tackles the subject which is in everyone's mind, the tragedy of Spain. Fourteen years of special study of Spanish politics are his qualification.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

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Federal Union, 44 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1., have issued a manifesto from which we take some extracts : " Federal Union arose from a sense of alarm at the apparently hopeless drift towards war, which date from the breakdown of the League of Nations ". It was discovered " that the League had two main weaknesses. In the first place, although national governments consented to discuss international affairs they always reserved the right to reject the course of action recommended. In the second place, since the recommendations were made by nominees of national governments, they inevitably derived from considerations of national and even of party self-interest rather than from those of international well being ". . . . " Since conflicting claims to unrestricted national sovereignty were the cause of the League's failure and of present world anarchy, and since the conflict is mainly concerned with currency and trade policy, colonies, the supply of raw materials, and the manufacture and control of armaments, it is in these matters particularly that any supernational institution must have authority and power. It is necessary then to envisage a form of super-government having power to make laws in these reserved matters which are binding on the subjects of all its member states. It is clear, therefore, that the solution is that of Federation. A Federal Legislature must be created representative of its citizens, having an executive chosen by and responsible to it, a Permanent Court of International Justice with obligatory jurisdiction over justiciable disputes, and a Police Force under its own control ".

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Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., is to open on Wednesday, March 1st, an Exhibition entitled " Road Architecture, the Need for a Plan " at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66, Portland Place, W.1. This is the R.I.B.A.'s major exhibition for 1939 and will deal with the combined problem of roads and buildings. It will first illustrate and analyse the growing evils of haphazard building development, traffic congestion, destruction of amenities, spoiling of the countryside and the present lack of collaboration between road users and building users. It will then review what is being done in this and other countries and suggest what might be done. The organizers believe that the growing waste and muddle of haphazard building and the congestion and dangers of the road can be stopped. The main theme of the Exhibition will be that only comprehensive National Planning can effect a thorough cure.

The new Liberal Book Club has been formed and launched. The publishing firm of Messrs. Nicholson and Watson have co-operated with the Liberal Party Organization in the new venture. The first book entitled "Life Within Reason", by Ivor Brown, will be published on March 2nd. One book will be published each month at the price of 2s. 6d. Sales of at least 50,000 are anticipated for the first book, and a further five books are in course of production. The titles and authors are : "The Future for Democracy" by Ramsay Muir ; "Power in Men" by Joyce Cary ; "Leadership for Plenty" by A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C. ; "The Contours of Liberty" by Tom Harrisson ; and "These Men Make Politics" by A. J. Cummings. All these books have been specially commissioned and written for the Liberal Book Club. The President of the Club is the Marquis of Crewe, K.G., and the Chairman, Viscount Esher.

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We have received the following letter from The Quakers' Shilling Emigration Fund of The Society of Friends Germany Emergency Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. :—

"As you know the Society of Friends are doing work of extreme urgency in striving to solve, through emigration, the problem of refugees from Greater Germany. Many countries such as the United States of America, Australia, New Zealand, Bolivia, Paraguay and San Domingo will admit some of these hapless men and women and children if only their fares can be paid and money provided for landing. Will you help by sending ONE SHILLING to the Germany Emergency Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. and asking your friends to do the same. If every adult in the British Isles received and responded to the appeal, it would gather more than a million pounds. Think what the money will mean to thousands who are now facing persecution, utter destitution and misery. You will help. It is only a shilling. Stamps will do." The letter has been circulated since 15th November, 1938. It has already brought in £2,500 made up of more than 15,000 donations.